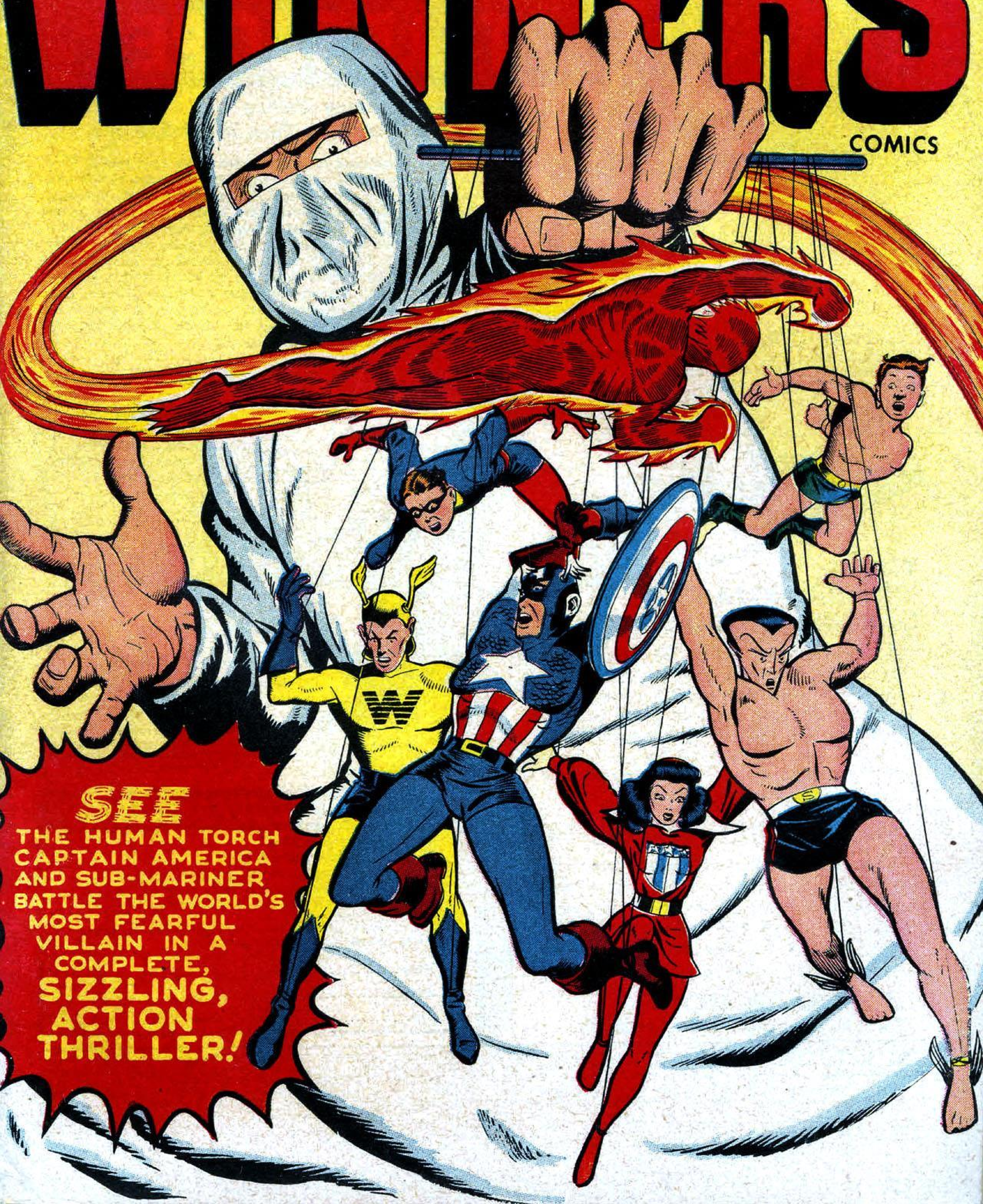
HUMAN TORCH
CAPTAIN AMERICA
SUB MARINER

ALL WINNERS

NO. 19
FALL ISSUE

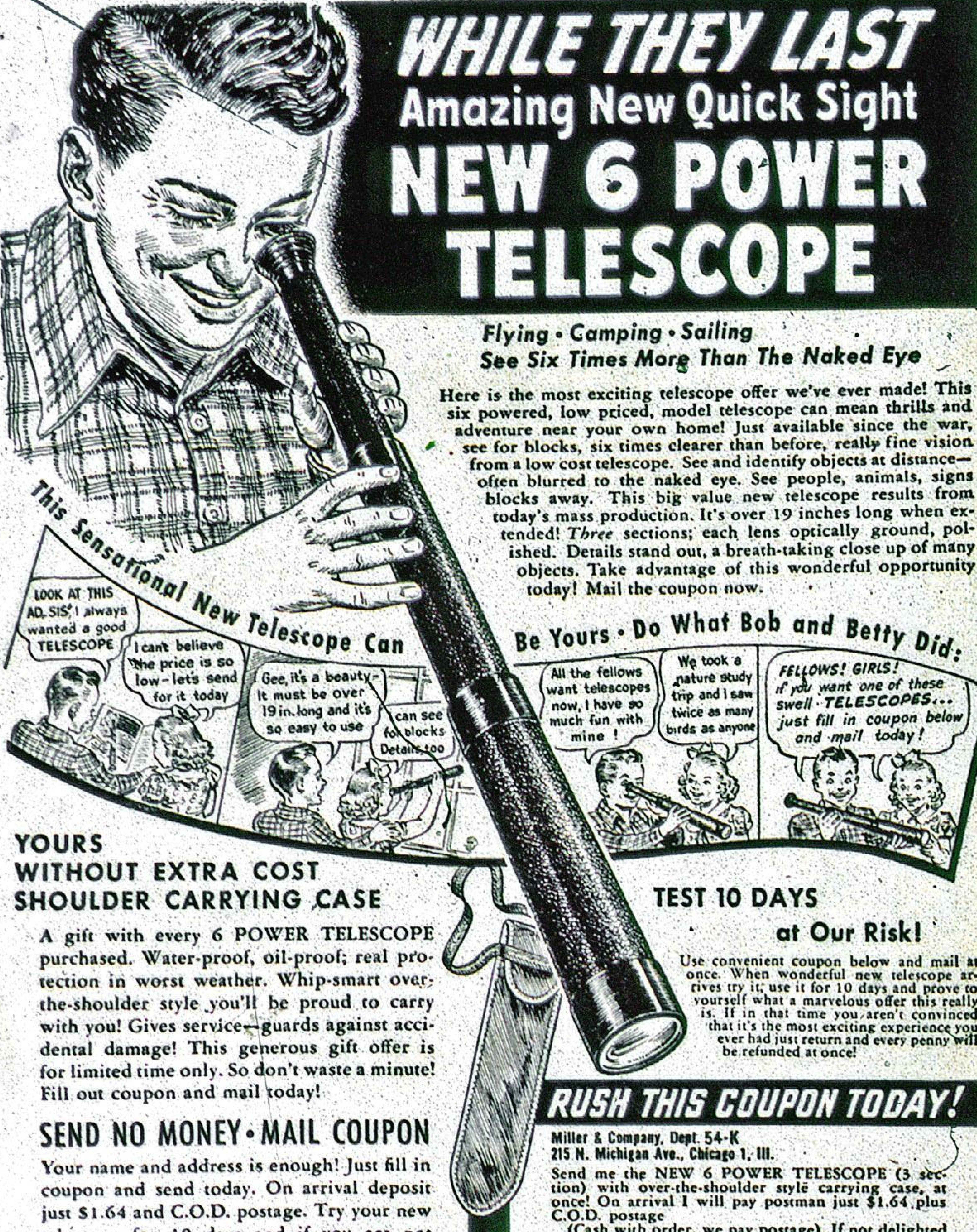
10¢

COMICS



SEE
THE HUMAN TORCH
CAPTAIN AMERICA
AND SUB-MARINER
BATTLE THE WORLD'S
MOST FEARFUL
VILLAIN IN A
COMPLETE,
SIZZLING,
ACTION
THRILLER!

WHILE THEY LAST
Amazing New Quick Sight
NEW 6 POWER TELESCOPE


This Sensational New Telescope Can Be Yours • Do What Bob and Betty Did:
LOOK AT THIS AD, SIS, I always wanted a good TELESCOPE
I can't believe the price is so low—let's send for it today
Gee, it's a beauty—It must be over 19 in. long and it's so easy to use
can see for blocks Details too
All the fellows want telescopes now, I have so much fun with mine!
We took a nature study trip and I saw twice as many birds as anyone
FELLOWS! GIRLS! If you want one of these swell TELESCOPES... just fill in coupon below and mail today!

Flying • Camping • Sailing
See Six Times More Than The Naked Eye

Here is the most exciting telescope offer we've ever made! This six powered, low priced, model telescope can mean thrills and adventure near your own home! Just available since the war, see for blocks, six times clearer than before, really fine vision from a low cost telescope. See and identify objects at distance—often blurred to the naked eye. See people, animals, signs blocks away. This big value new telescope results from today's mass production. It's over 19 inches long when extended! *Three* sections; each lens optically ground, polished. Details stand out, a breath-taking close up of many objects. Take advantage of this wonderful opportunity today! Mail the coupon now.

YOURS WITHOUT EXTRA COST SHOULDER CARRYING CASE

A gift with every 6 POWER TELESCOPE purchased. Water-proof, oil-proof; real protection in worst weather. Whip-smart over-the-shoulder style you'll be proud to carry with you! Gives service—guards against accidental damage! This generous gift offer is for limited time only. So don't waste a minute! Fill out coupon and mail today!

TEST 10 DAYS at Our Risk!

Use convenient coupon below and mail at once. When wonderful new telescope arrives try it; use it for 10 days and prove to yourself what a marvelous offer this really is. If in that time you aren't convinced that it's the most exciting experience you ever had just return and every penny will be refunded at once!

SEND NO MONEY • MAIL COUPON

Your name and address is enough! Just fill in coupon and send today. On arrival deposit just $1.64 and C.O.D. postage. Try your new telescope for 10 days and if you are not delighted, if you are not completely satisfied just return for prompt refund.

MILLER AND CO.,
215 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

RUSH THIS COUPON TODAY!

Miller & Company, Dept. 54-K
215 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 1, Ill.

Send me the NEW 6 POWER TELESCOPE (3 section) with over-the-shoulder style carrying case, at once! On arrival I will pay postman just $1.64 plus C.O.D. postage
(Cash with order, we pay postage). If not delighted I may return for cash refund.

Name..

Address...

City.............................. Zone........ State..............

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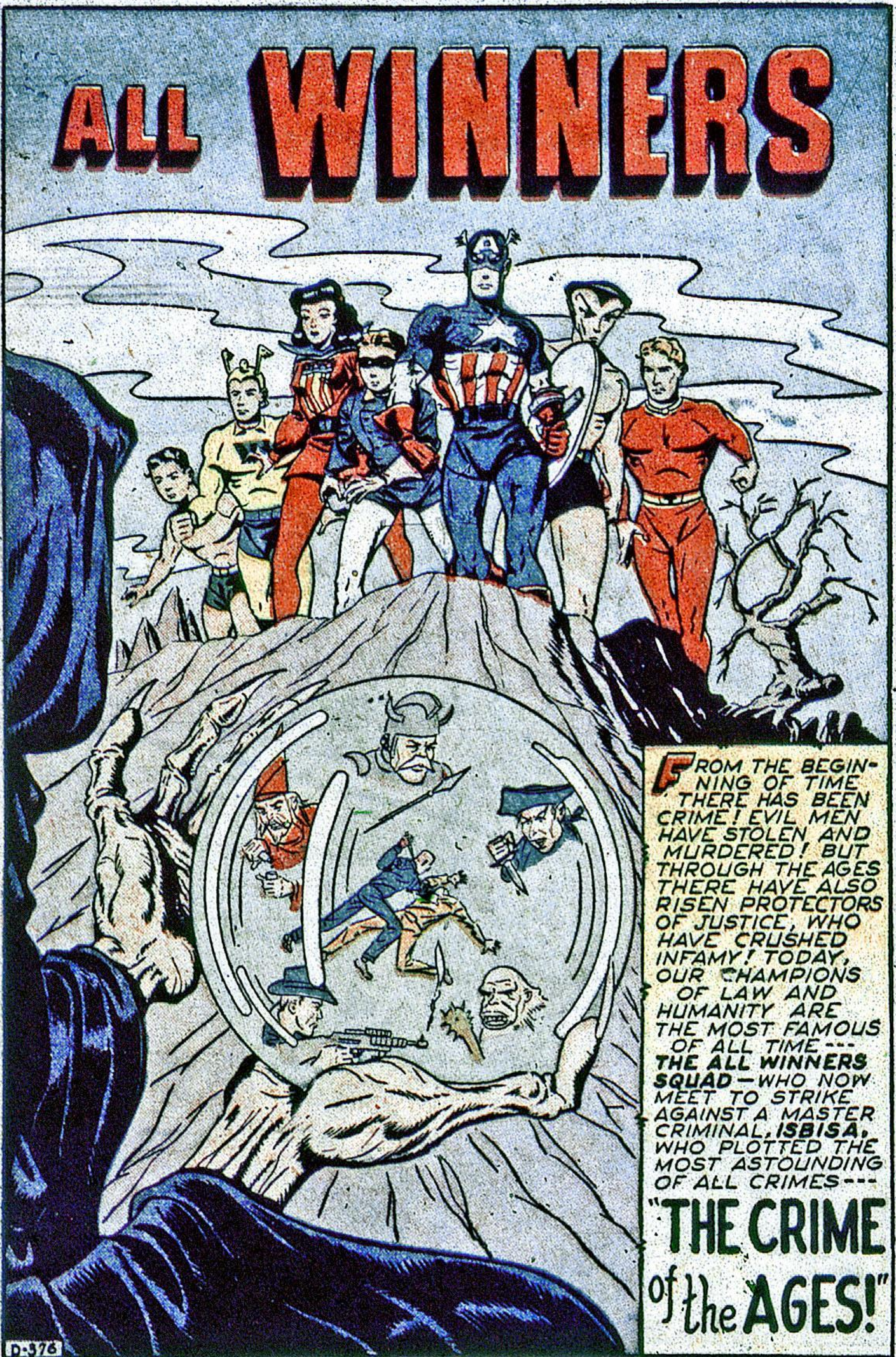
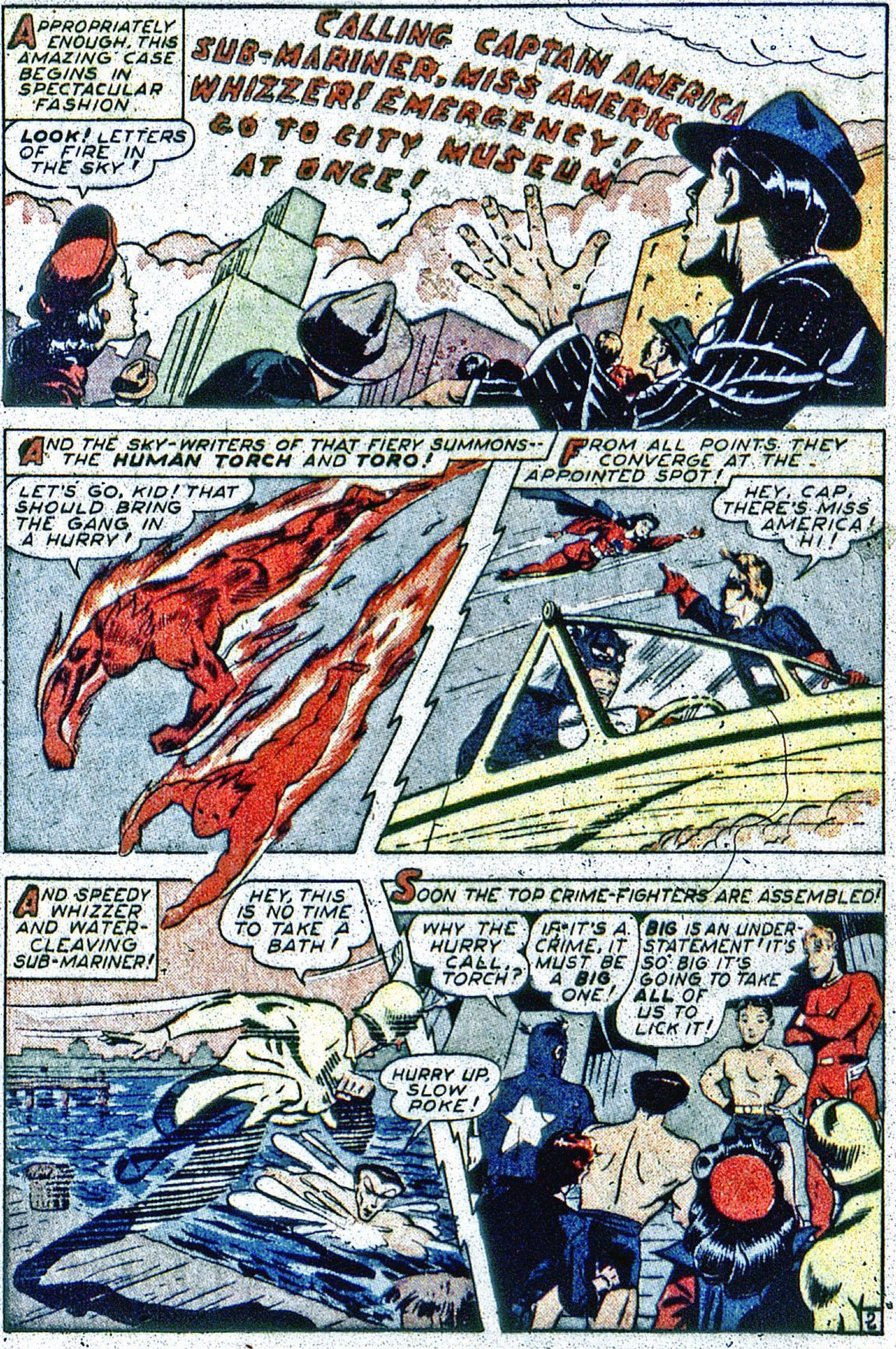
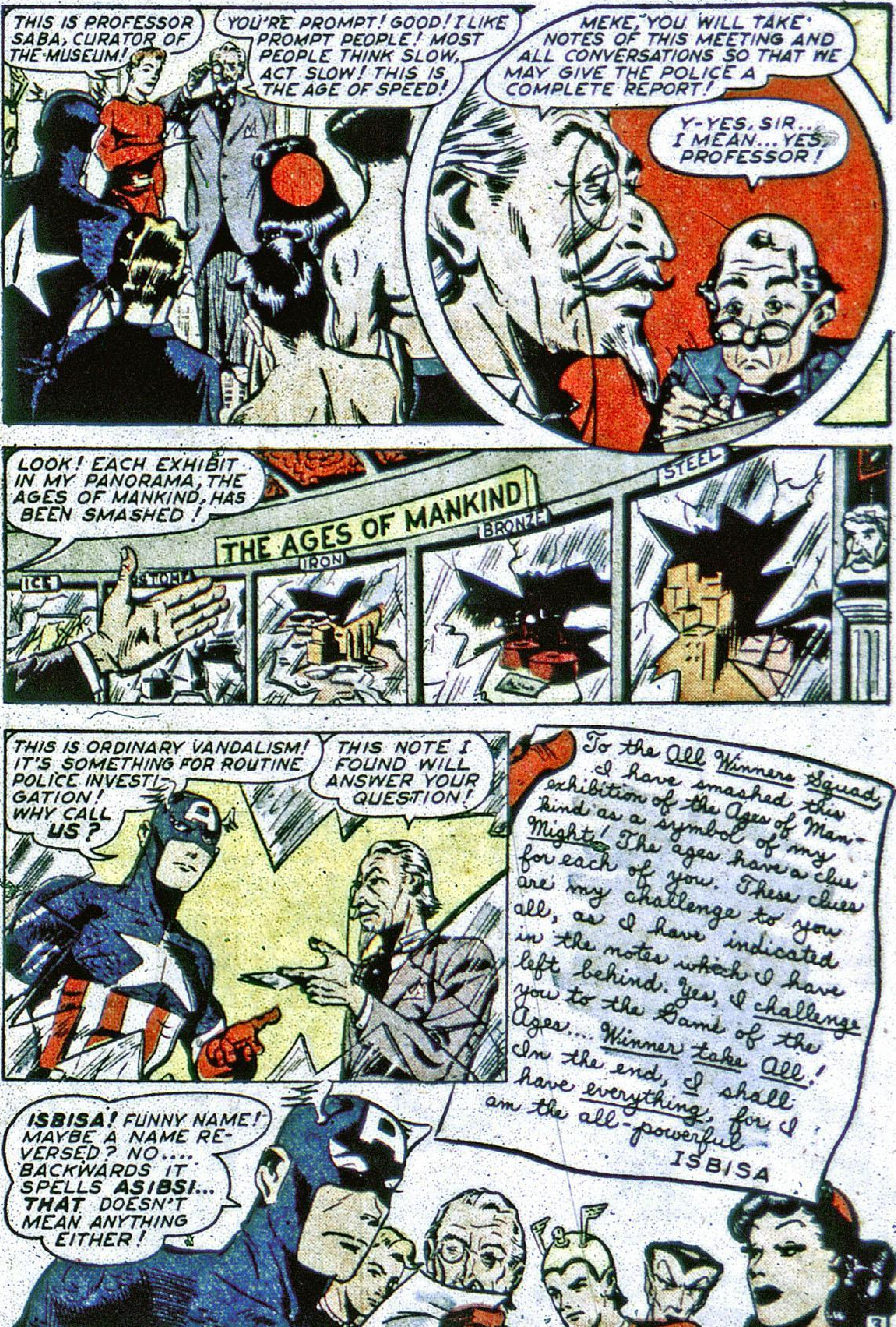
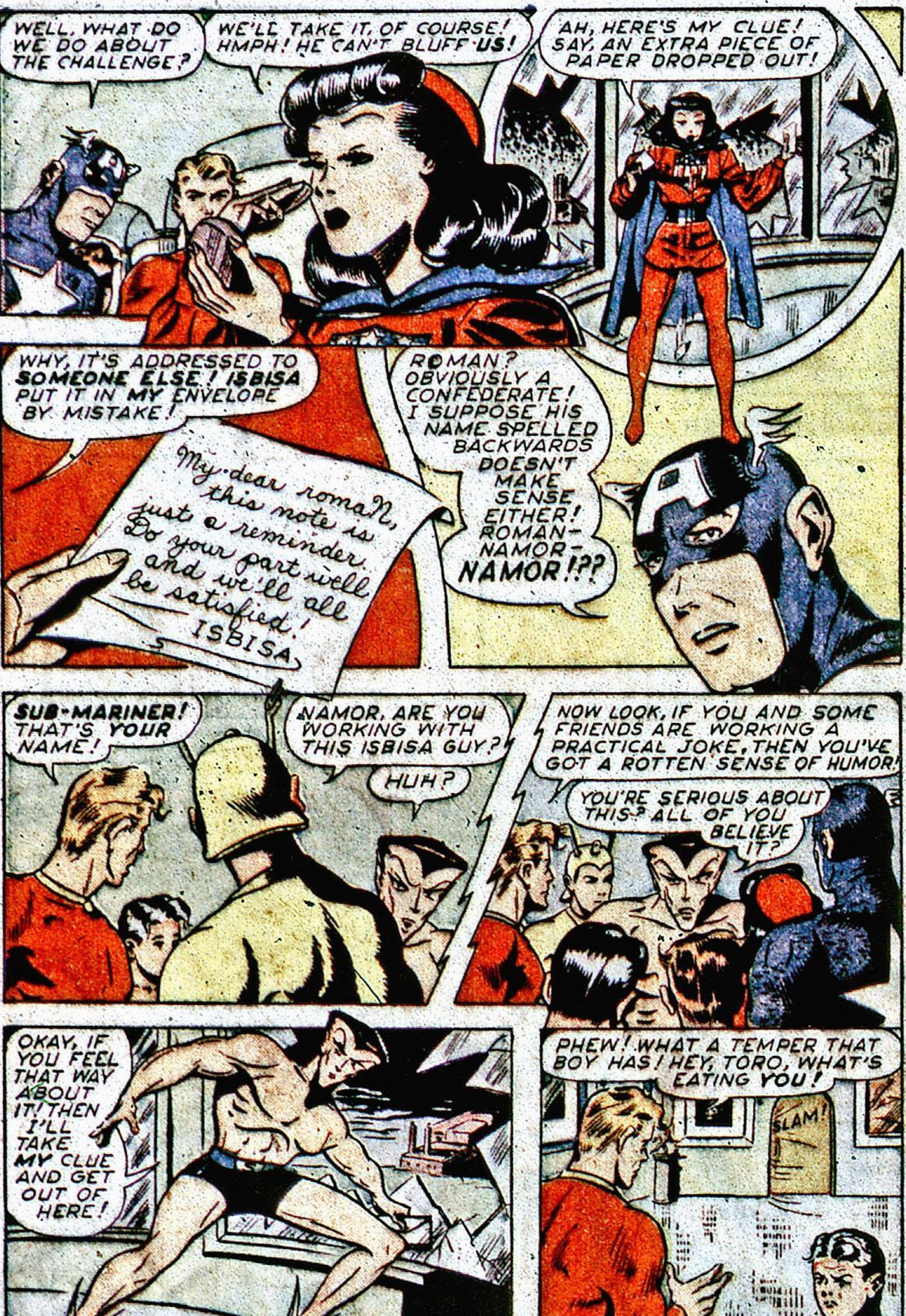
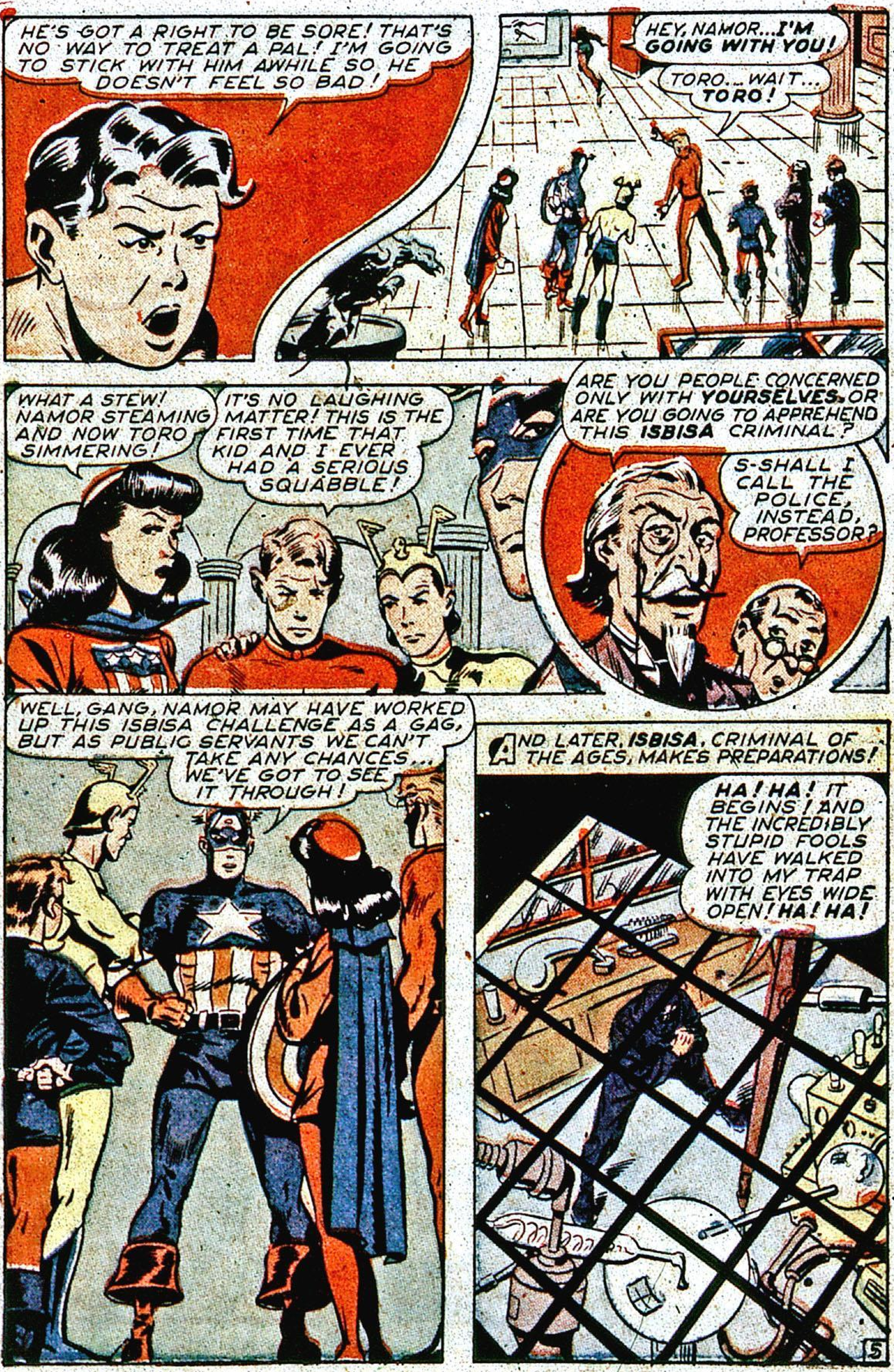

ALL WINNERS
FROM THE BEGINNING OF TIME THERE HAS BEEN CRIME! EVIL MEN HAVE STOLEN AND MURDERED! BUT THROUGH THE AGES THERE HAVE ALSO RISEN PROTECTORS OF JUSTICE, WHO HAVE CRUSHED INFAMY! TODAY, OUR CHAMPIONS OF LAW AND HUMANITY ARE THE MOST FAMOUS OF ALL TIME--- THE ALL WINNERS SQUAD—WHO NOW MEET TO STRIKE AGAINST A MASTER CRIMINAL, ISBISA, WHO PLOTTED THE MOST ASTOUNDING OF ALL CRIMES---
"THE CRIME of the AGES!"
D-376

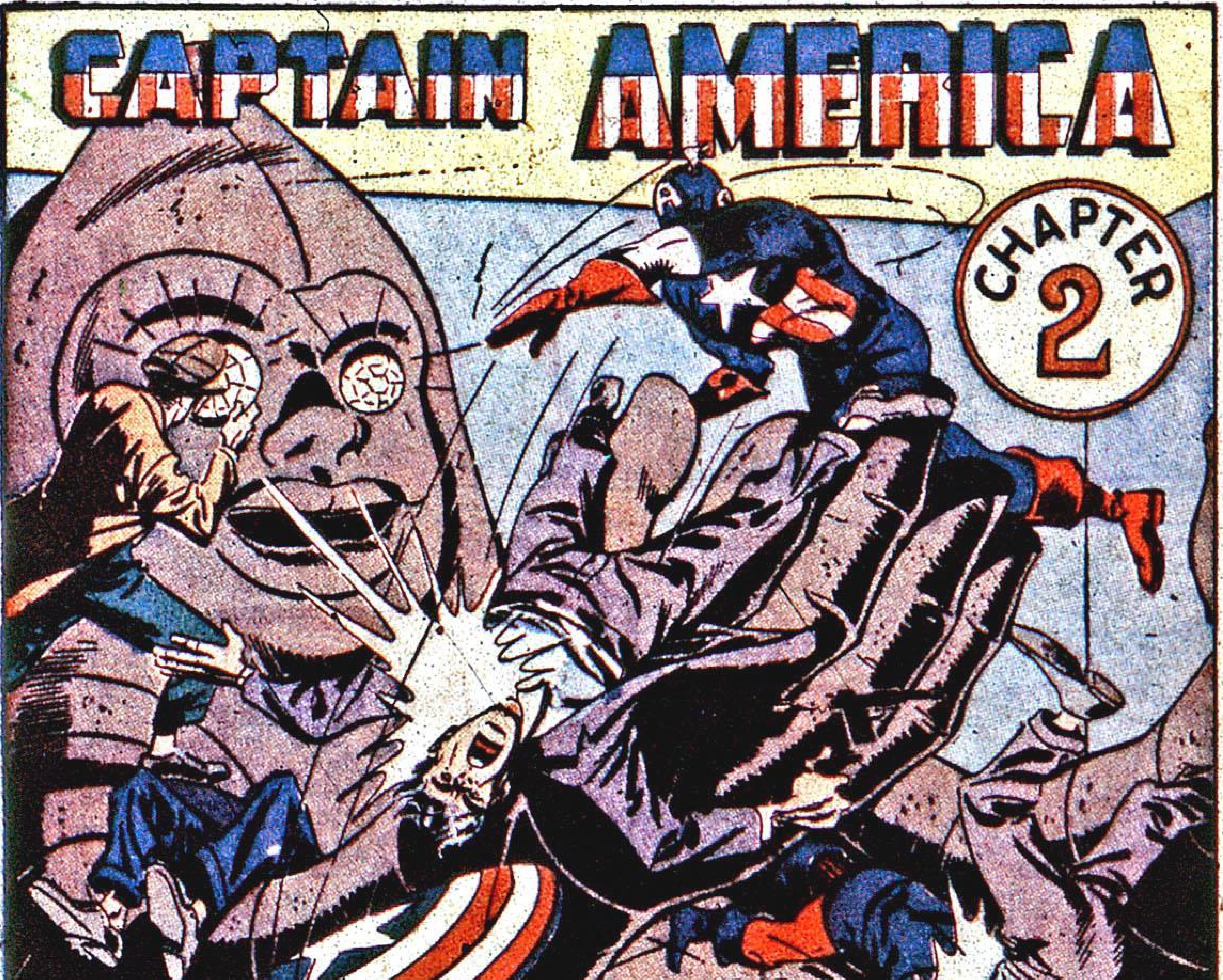
COMIC ART


APPROPRIATELY ENOUGH, THIS AMAZING CASE BEGINS IN SPECTACULAR FASHION
CALLING CAPTAIN AMERICA SUB-MARINER, MISS AMERICA WHIZZER! EMERGENCY! GO TO CITY MUSEUM AT ONCE!
LOOK! LETTERS OF FIRE IN THE SKY!
AND THE SKY-WRITERS OF THAT FIERY SUMMONS-- THE HUMAN TORCH AND TORO!
LET'S GO, KID! THAT SHOULD BRING THE GANG IN A HURRY!
FROM ALL POINTS THEY CONVERGE AT THE APPOINTED SPOT!
HEY, CAP, THERE'S MISS AMERICA! HI!
AND SPEEDY WHIZZER AND WATER-CLEAVING SUB-MARINER!
HEY, THIS IS NO TIME TO TAKE A BATH!
HURRY UP, SLOW POKE!
SOON THE TOP CRIME-FIGHTERS ARE ASSEMBLED!
WHY THE HURRY CALL, TORCH?
IF IT'S A CRIME, IT MUST BE A BIG ONE!
BIG IS AN UNDERSTATEMENT! IT'S SO BIG IT'S GOING TO TAKE ALL OF US TO LICK IT!
2


THIS IS PROFESSOR SABA, CURATOR OF THE MUSEUM!
YOU'RE PROMPT! GOOD! I LIKE PROMPT PEOPLE! MOST PEOPLE THINK SLOW, ACT SLOW! THIS IS THE AGE OF SPEED!
MEKE, YOU WILL TAKE NOTES OF THIS MEETING AND ALL CONVERSATIONS SO THAT WE MAY GIVE THE POLICE A COMPLETE REPORT!
Y-YES, SIR... I MEAN... YES, PROFESSOR!
LOOK! EACH EXHIBIT IN MY PANORAMA, THE AGES OF MANKIND, HAS BEEN SMASHED!
THE AGES OF MANKIND
ICE
STONE
IRON
BRONZE
STEEL
THIS IS ORDINARY VANDALISM! IT'S SOMETHING FOR ROUTINE POLICE INVESTIGATION! WHY CALL **US**?
THIS NOTE I FOUND WILL ANSWER YOUR QUESTION!
To the All Winners Squad,
I have smashed this exhibition of the Ages of Mankind as a symbol of my Might! The ages have a clue for each of you. These clues are my challenge to you all, as I have indicated in the notes which I have left behind. Yes, I challenge you to the Game of the Ages... Winner take All! In the end, I shall have everything, for I am the all-powerful
ISBISA
ISBISA! FUNNY NAME! MAYBE A NAME REVERSED? NO.... BACKWARDS IT SPELLS **ASIBSI**... **THAT** DOESN'T MEAN ANYTHING EITHER!

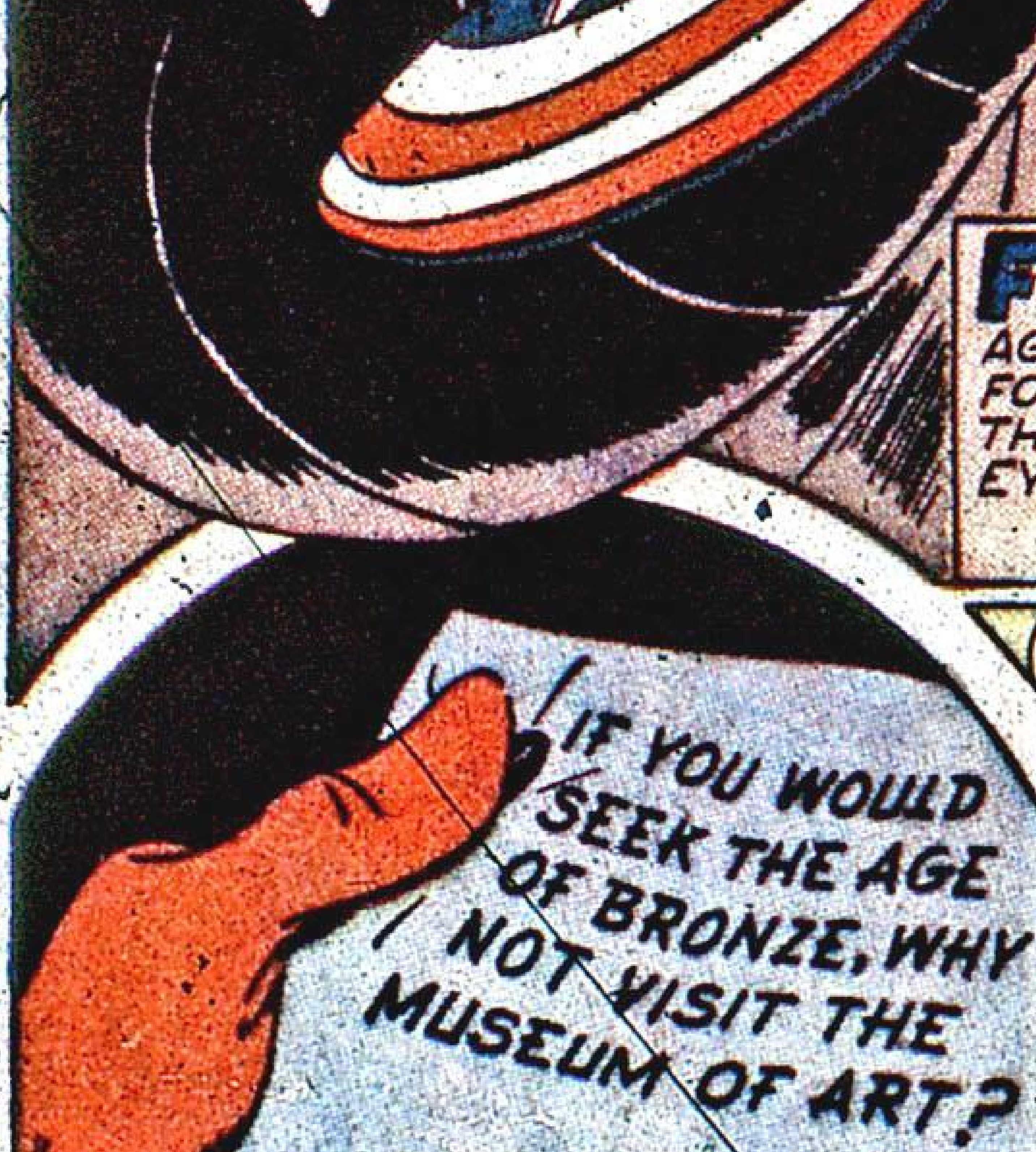

WELL, WHAT DO WE DO ABOUT THE CHALLENGE?
WE'LL TAKE IT, OF COURSE! HMPH! HE CAN'T BLUFF **US**!
AH, HERE'S MY CLUE! SAY, AN EXTRA PIECE OF PAPER DROPPED OUT!
WHY, IT'S ADDRESSED TO **SOMEONE ELSE**! **ISBISA** PUT IT IN **MY** ENVELOPE BY MISTAKE!
My dear romaN, this note is just a reminder. Do your part well and we'll all be satisfied! ISBISA
ROMAN? OBVIOUSLY A CONFEDERATE! I SUPPOSE HIS NAME SPELLED BACKWARDS DOESN'T MAKE SENSE EITHER! ROMAN-NAMOR-**NAMOR!??**
SUB-MARINER! THAT'S **YOUR** NAME!
NAMOR, ARE YOU WORKING WITH THIS ISBISA GUY?
HUH?
NOW LOOK, IF YOU AND SOME FRIENDS ARE WORKING A PRACTICAL JOKE, THEN YOU'VE GOT A ROTTEN SENSE OF HUMOR!
YOU'RE SERIOUS ABOUT THIS? ALL OF YOU BELIEVE IT?
OKAY, IF YOU FEEL THAT WAY ABOUT IT! THEN I'LL TAKE **MY** CLUE AND GET OUT OF HERE!
PHEW! WHAT A TEMPER THAT BOY HAS! HEY, TORO, WHAT'S EATING **YOU**!
SLAM!

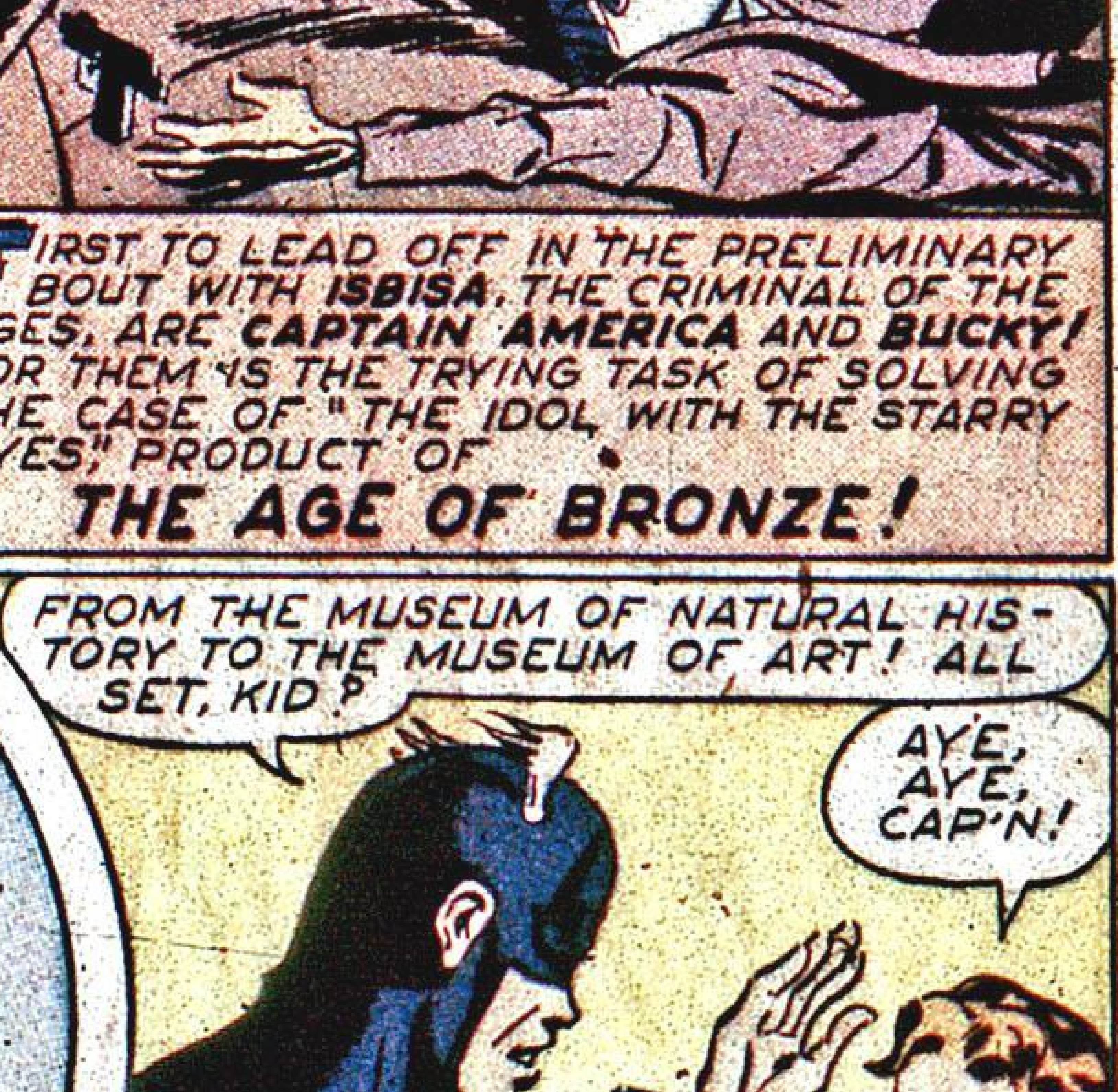

HE'S GOT A RIGHT TO BE SORE! THAT'S NO WAY TO TREAT A PAL! I'M GOING TO STICK WITH HIM AWHILE SO HE DOESN'T FEEL SO BAD!
HEY, NAMOR...I'M GOING WITH YOU!
TORO...WAIT... TORO!
WHAT A STEW! NAMOR STEAMING AND NOW TORO SIMMERING!
IT'S NO LAUGHING MATTER! THIS IS THE FIRST TIME THAT KID AND I EVER HAD A SERIOUS SQUABBLE!
ARE YOU PEOPLE CONCERNED ONLY WITH YOURSELVES, OR ARE YOU GOING TO APPREHEND THIS ISBISA CRIMINAL?
S-SHALL I CALL THE POLICE, INSTEAD, PROFESSOR?
WELL, GANG, NAMOR MAY HAVE WORKED UP THIS ISBISA CHALLENGE AS A GAG, BUT AS PUBLIC SERVANTS WE CAN'T TAKE ANY CHANCES... WE'VE GOT TO SEE IT THROUGH!
AND LATER, ISBISA, CRIMINAL OF THE AGES, MAKES PREPARATIONS!
HA! HA! IT BEGINS! AND THE INCREDIBLY STUPID FOOLS HAVE WALKED INTO MY TRAP WITH EYES WIDE OPEN! HA! HA!

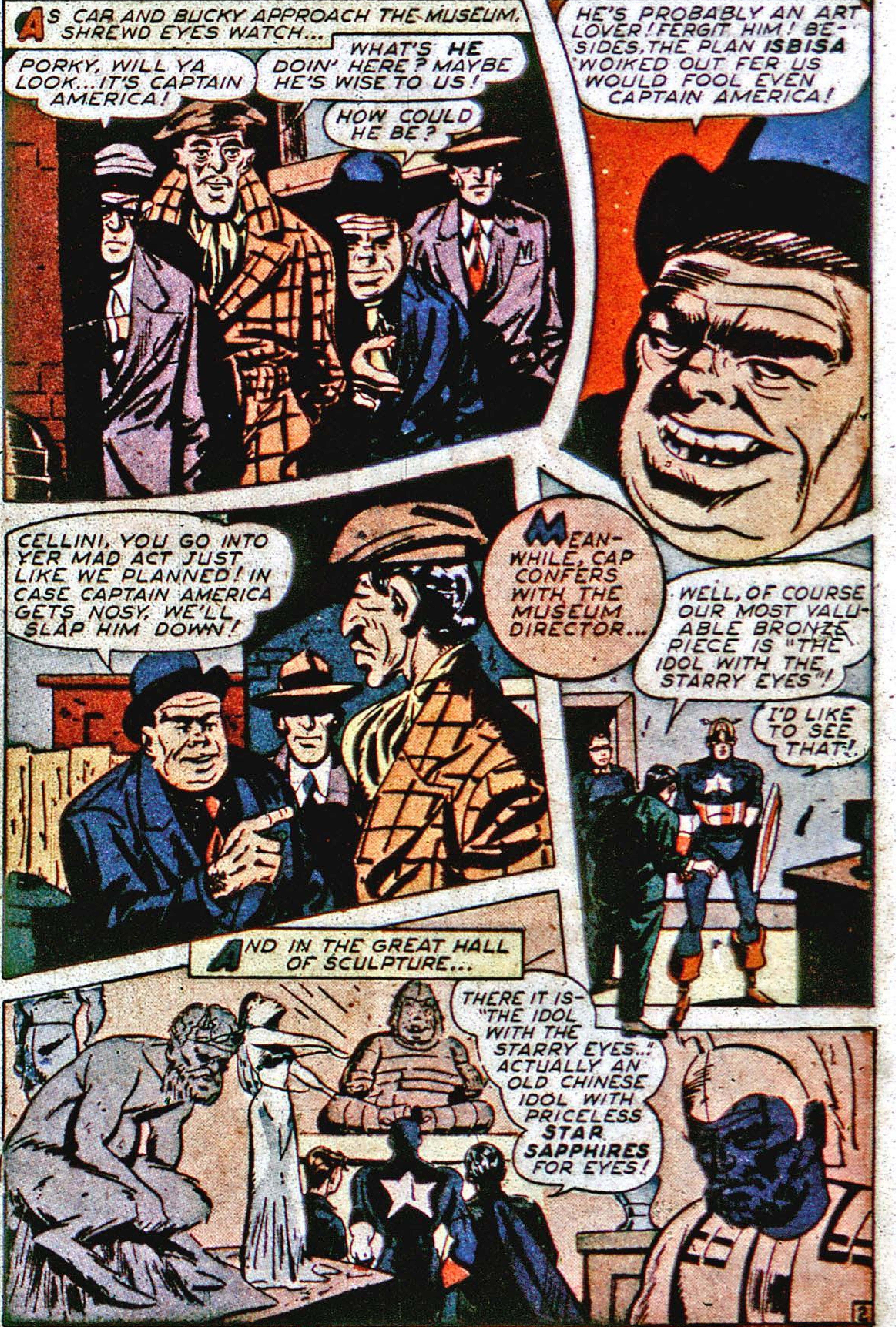

CAPTAIN AMERICA
CHAPTER 2

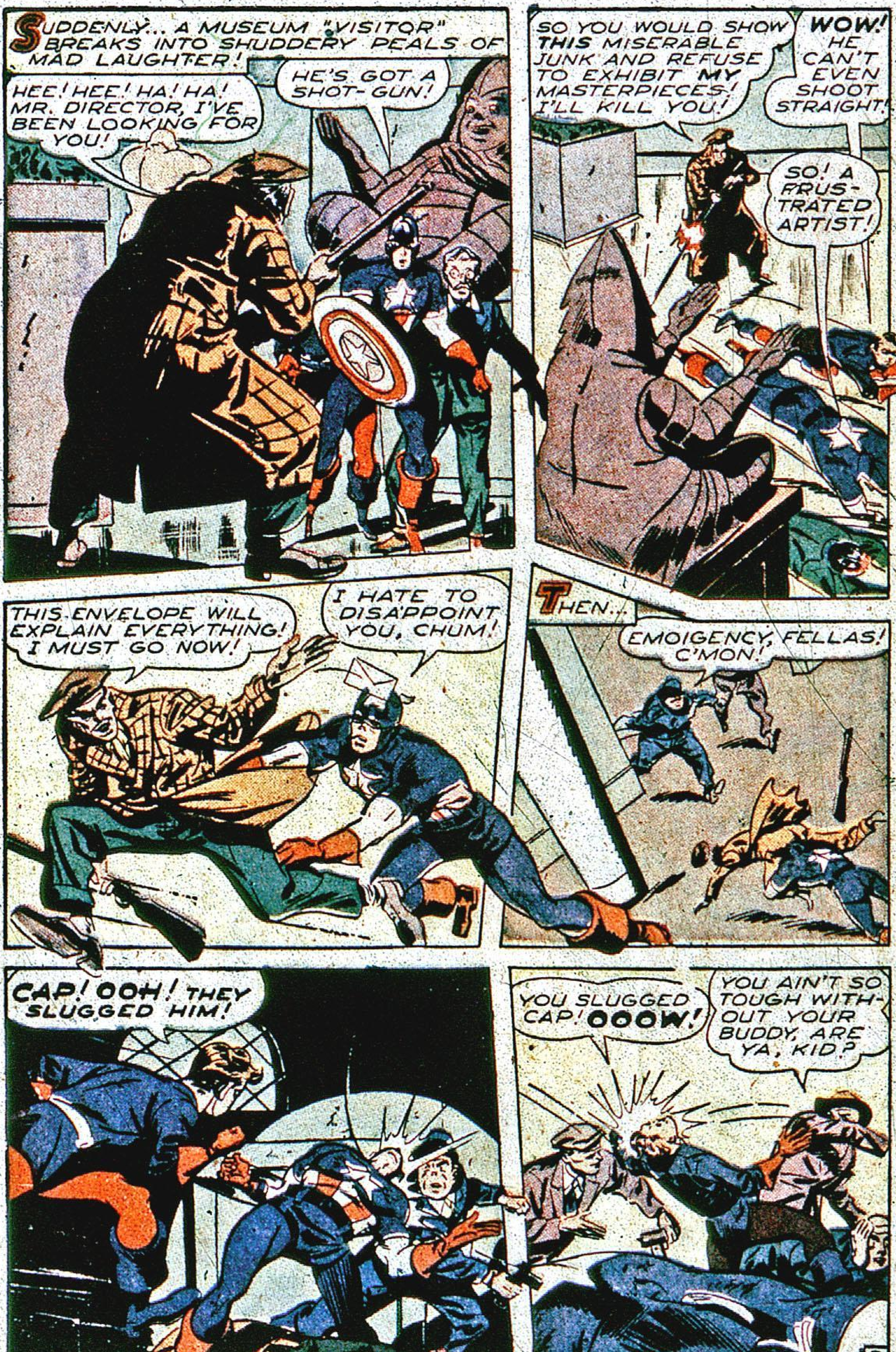
FIRST TO LEAD OFF IN THE PRELIMINARY BOUT WITH **ISBISA**, THE CRIMINAL OF THE AGES, ARE **CAPTAIN AMERICA** AND **BUCKY**! FOR THEM IS THE TRYING TASK OF SOLVING THE CASE OF "THE IDOL WITH THE STARRY EYES," PRODUCT OF

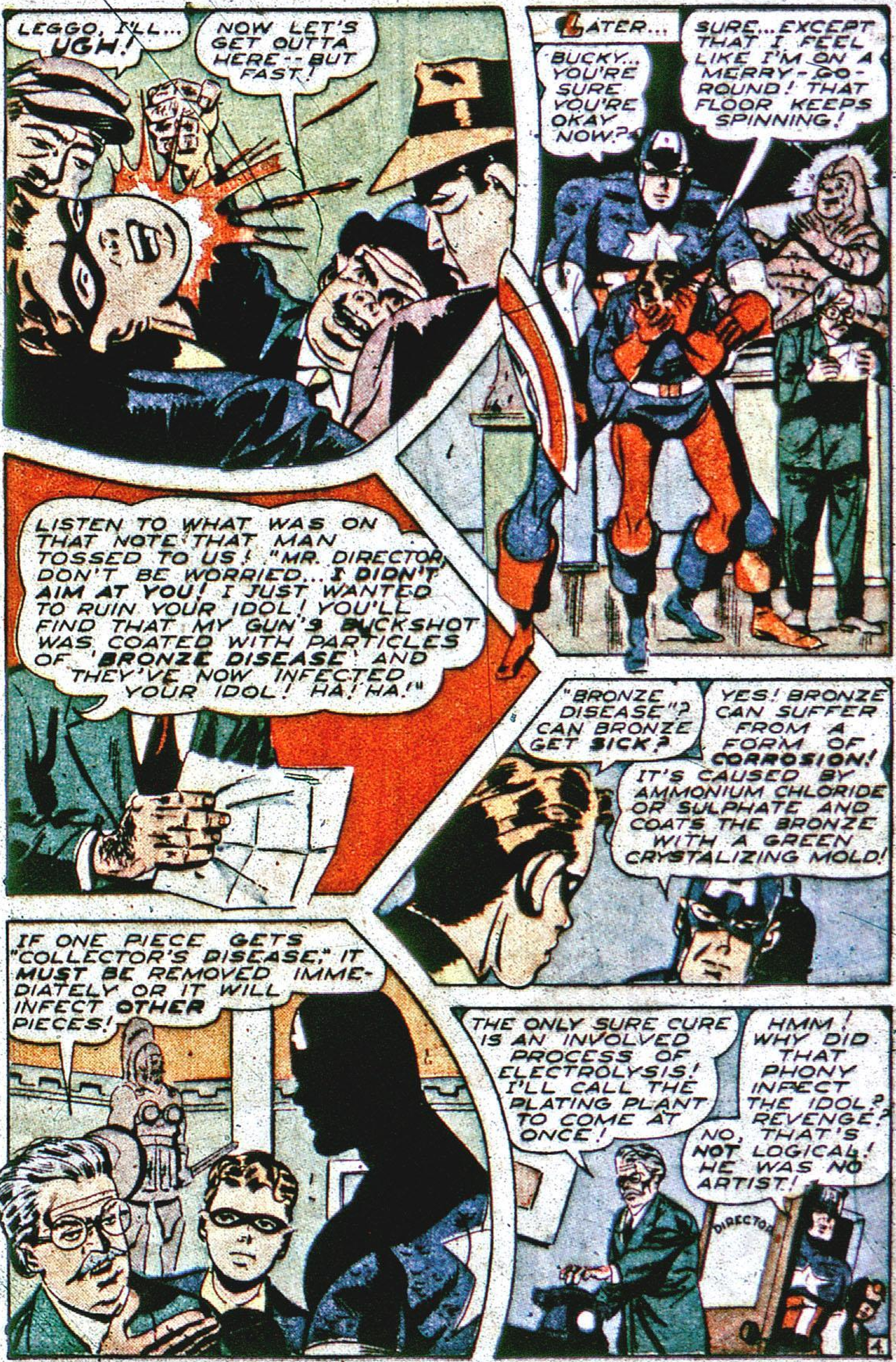
THE AGE OF BRONZE!

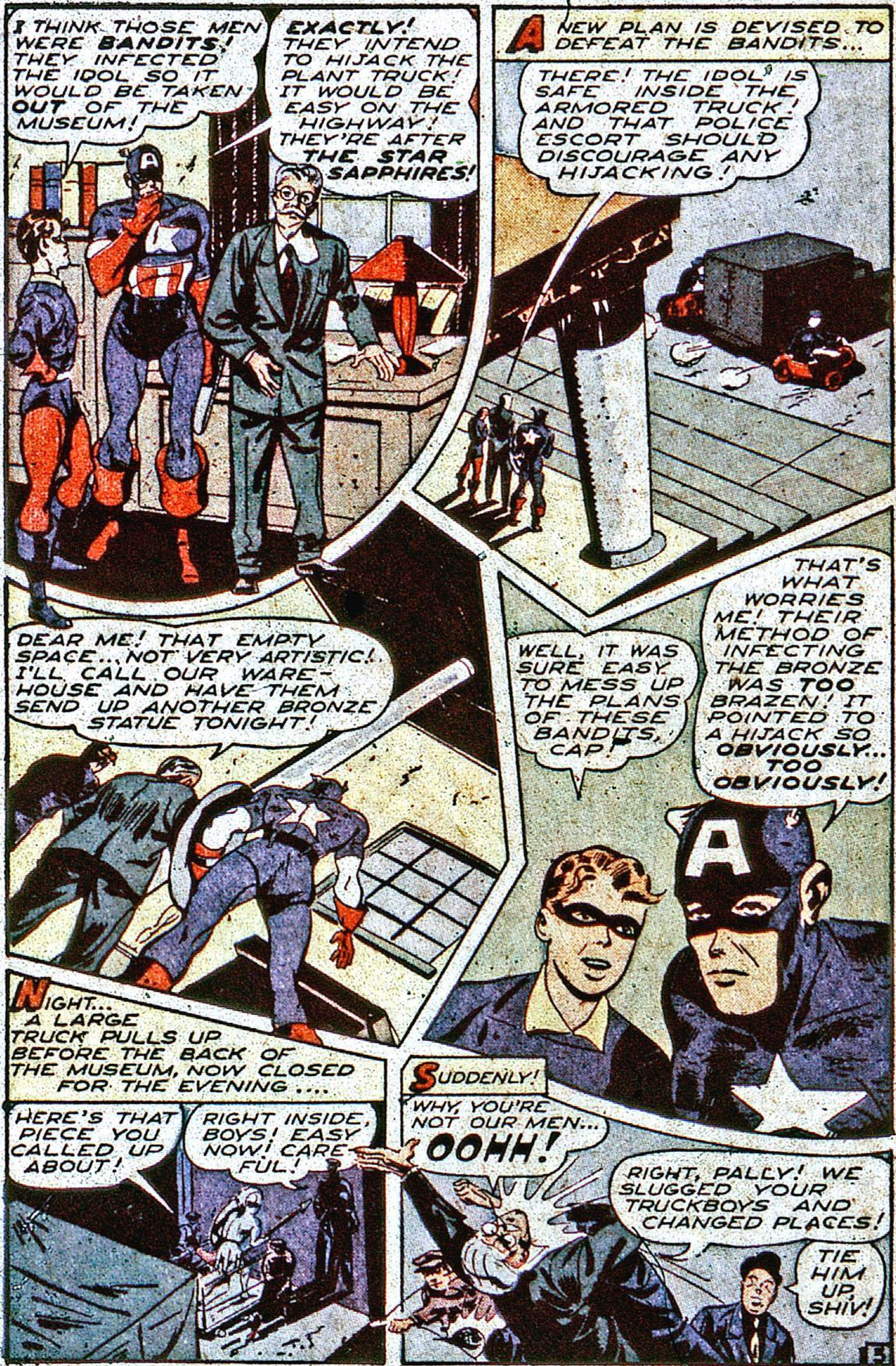

IF YOU WOULD SEEK THE AGE OF BRONZE, WHY NOT VISIT THE MUSEUM OF ART?
ISBISA

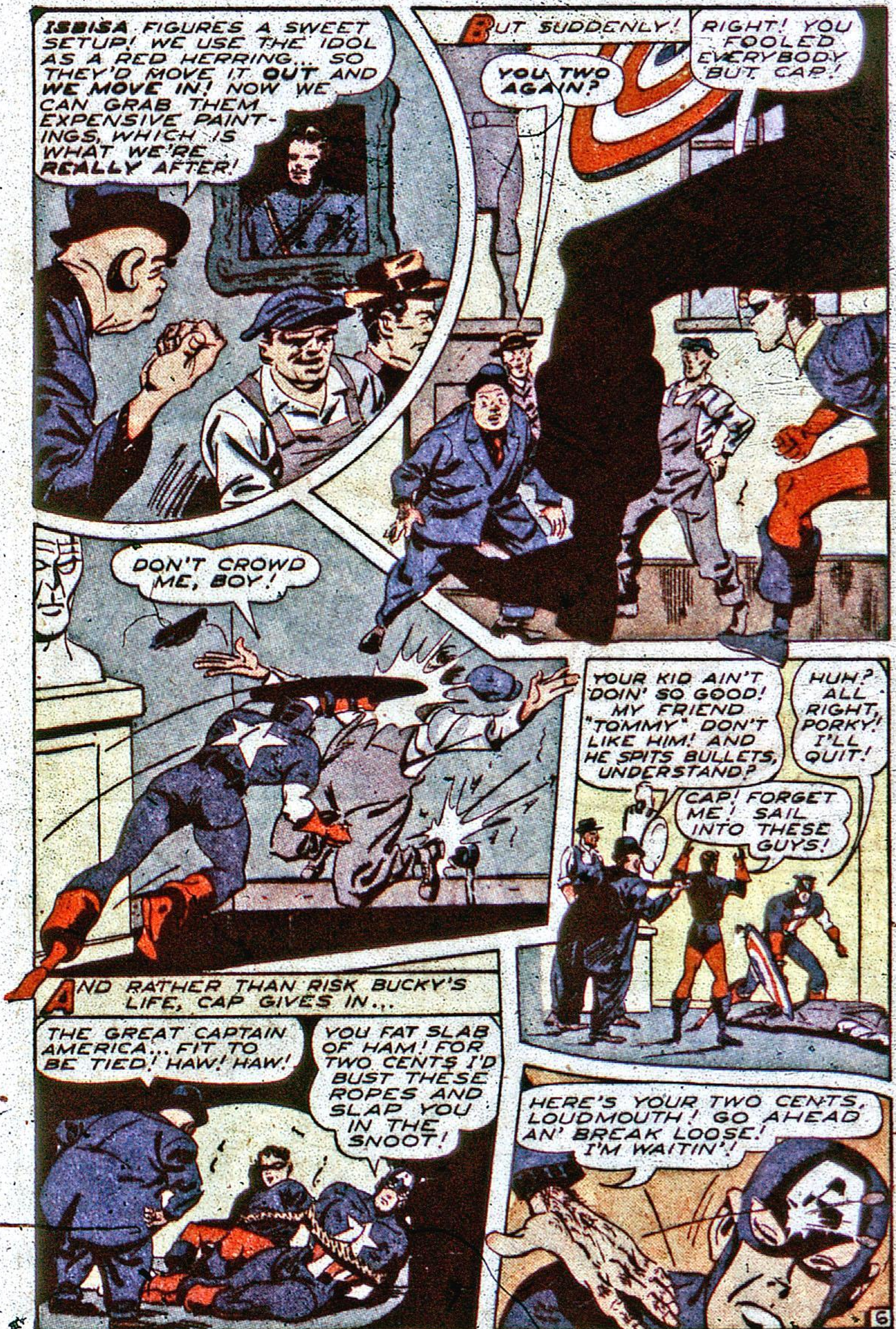

FROM THE MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY TO THE MUSEUM OF ART! ALL SET, KID?
AYE, AYE, CAP'N!
IF YOU WOU

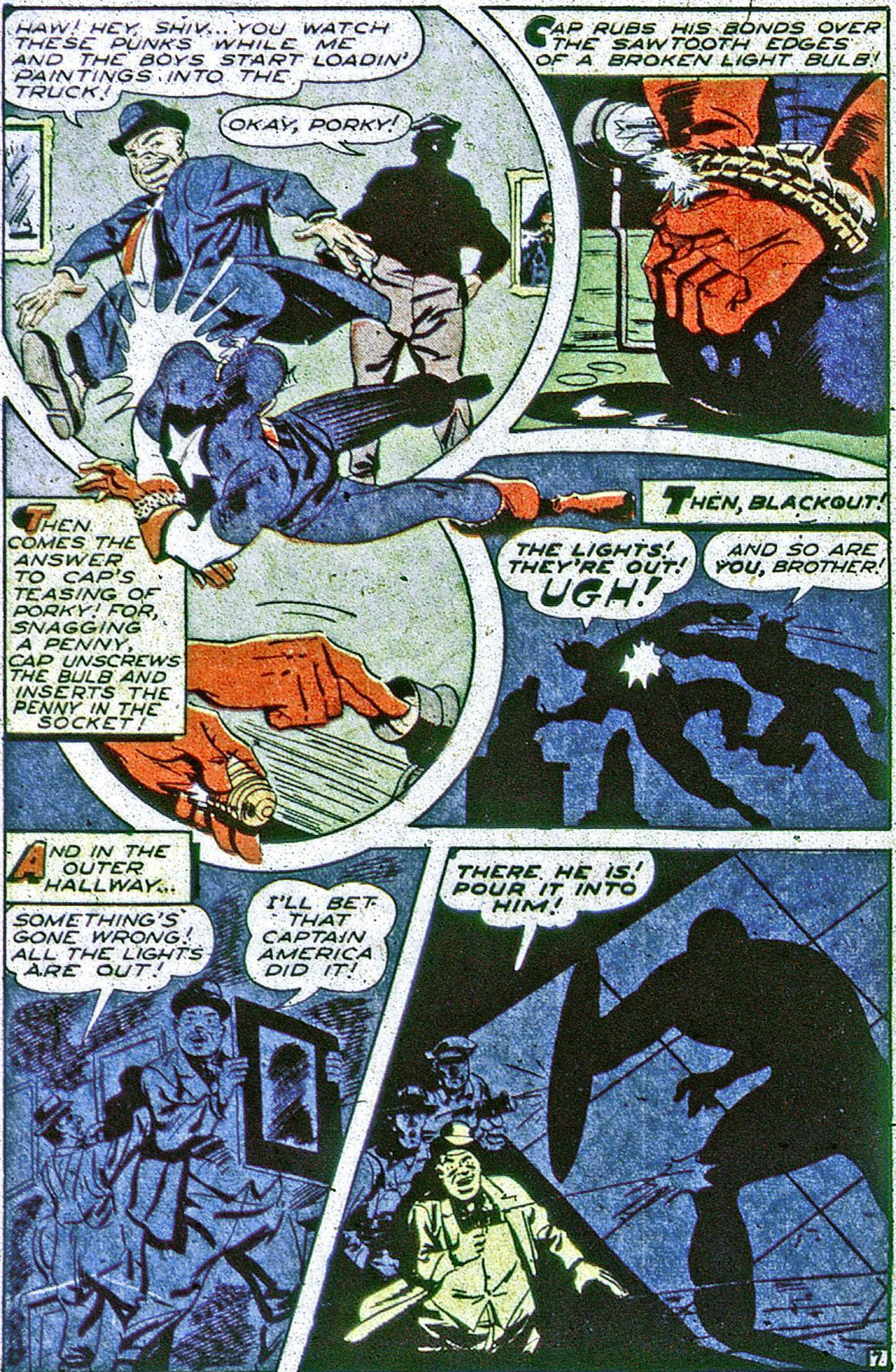

AS CAR AND BUCKY APPROACH THE MUSEUM, SHREWD EYES WATCH...
PORKY, WILL YA LOOK...IT'S CAPTAIN AMERICA!
WHAT'S **HE** DOIN' HERE? MAYBE HE'S WISE TO US!
HOW COULD HE BE?
HE'S PROBABLY AN ART LOVER! FERGIT HIM! BESIDES, THE PLAN **ISBISA** WOIKED OUT FER US WOULD FOOL EVEN CAPTAIN AMERICA!
CELLINI, YOU GO INTO YER MAD ACT JUST LIKE WE PLANNED! IN CASE CAPTAIN AMERICA GETS NOSY, WE'LL SLAP HIM DOWN!
MEANWHILE, CAP CONFERS WITH THE MUSEUM DIRECTOR...
WELL, OF COURSE OUR MOST VALUABLE BRONZE PIECE IS "THE IDOL WITH THE STARRY EYES"!
I'D LIKE TO SEE THAT!
AND IN THE GREAT HALL OF SCULPTURE...
THERE IT IS— "THE IDOL WITH THE STARRY EYES..." ACTUALLY AN OLD CHINESE IDOL WITH PRICELESS **STAR SAPPHIRES** FOR EYES!

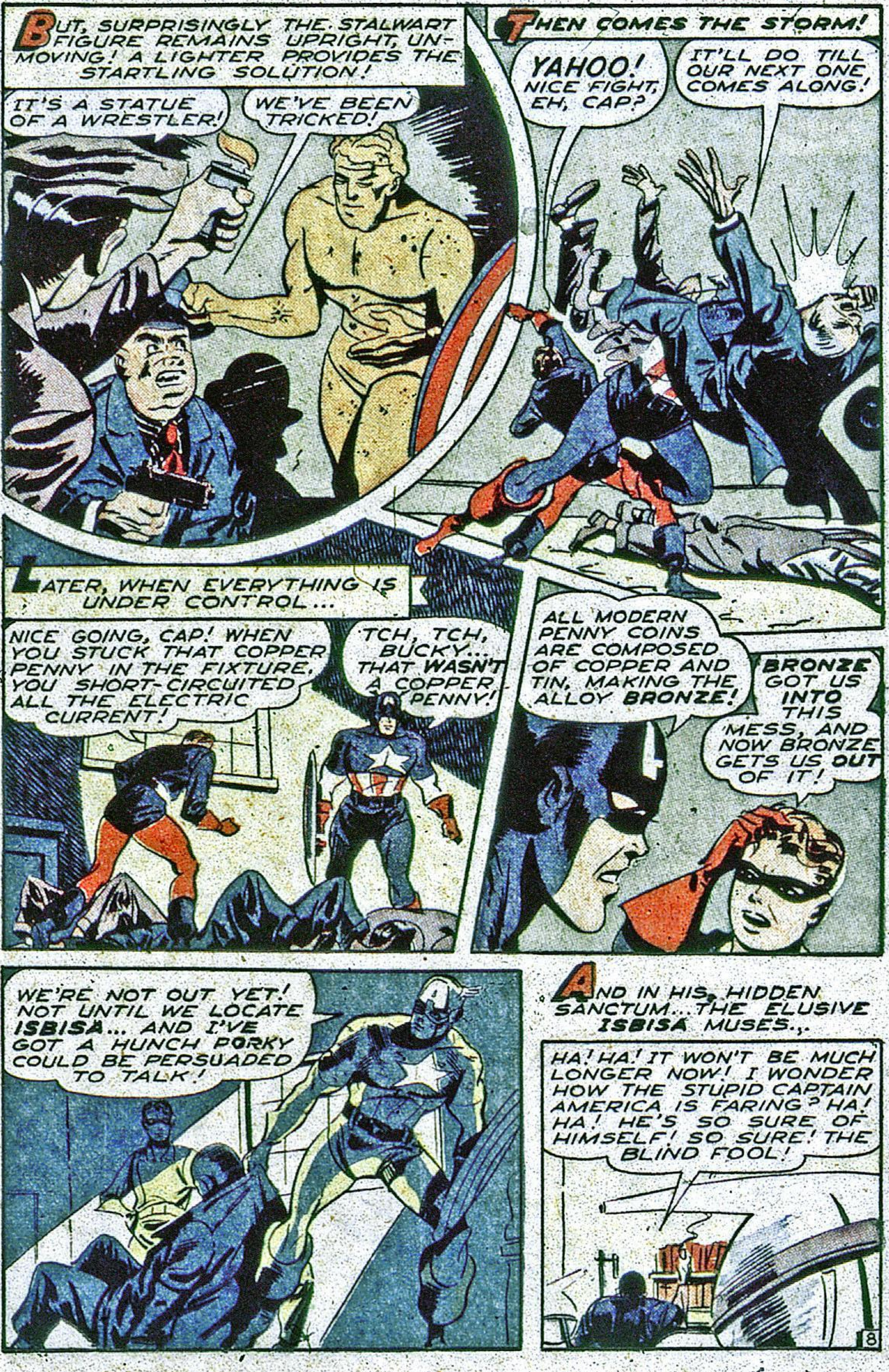

SUDDENLY... A MUSEUM "VISITOR" BREAKS INTO SHUDDERY PEALS OF MAD LAUGHTER!
HEE! HEE! HA! HA! MR. DIRECTOR, I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR YOU!
HE'S GOT A SHOT-GUN!
SO YOU WOULD SHOW THIS MISERABLE JUNK AND REFUSE TO EXHIBIT MY MASTERPIECES! I'LL KILL YOU!
WOW! HE CAN'T EVEN SHOOT STRAIGHT!
SO! A FRUSTRATED ARTIST!
THIS ENVELOPE WILL EXPLAIN EVERYTHING! I MUST GO NOW!
I HATE TO DISAPPOINT YOU, CHUM!
THEN...
EMOIGENCY, FELLAS! C'MON!
CAP! OOH! THEY SLUGGED HIM!
YOU SLUGGED CAP! OOOW!
YOU AIN'T SO TOUGH WITHOUT YOUR BUDDY, ARE YA, KID?
3


LEGGO, I'LL... **UGH!**
NOW LET'S GET OUTTA HERE--BUT FAST!
LATER...
BUCKY... YOU'RE SURE YOU'RE OKAY NOW?
SURE...EXCEPT THAT I FEEL LIKE I'M ON A MERRY-GO-ROUND! THAT FLOOR KEEPS SPINNING!
LISTEN TO WHAT WAS ON THAT NOTE THAT MAN TOSSED TO US! "MR. DIRECTOR, DON'T BE WORRIED... **I DIDN'T AIM AT YOU!** I JUST WANTED TO RUIN YOUR IDOL! YOU'LL FIND THAT MY GUN'S BUCKSHOT WAS COATED WITH PARTICLES OF '**BRONZE DISEASE**' AND THEY'VE NOW INFECTED YOUR IDOL! HA! HA!"
"BRONZE DISEASE"? CAN BRONZE GET **SICK?**
YES! BRONZE CAN SUFFER FROM A FORM OF **CORROSION!** IT'S CAUSED BY AMMONIUM CHLORIDE OR SULPHATE AND COATS THE BRONZE WITH A GREEN CRYSTALIZING MOLD!
IF ONE PIECE GETS "**COLLECTOR'S DISEASE,**" IT **MUST BE REMOVED** IMMEDIATELY OR IT WILL INFECT **OTHER** PIECES!
THE ONLY SURE CURE IS AN INVOLVED PROCESS OF ELECTROLYSIS! I'LL CALL THE PLATING PLANT TO COME AT ONCE!
HMM! WHY DID THAT PHONY INFECT THE IDOL? REVENGE?
NO, THAT'S **NOT** LOGICAL! HE WAS NO ARTIST!
DIRECTOR
4.

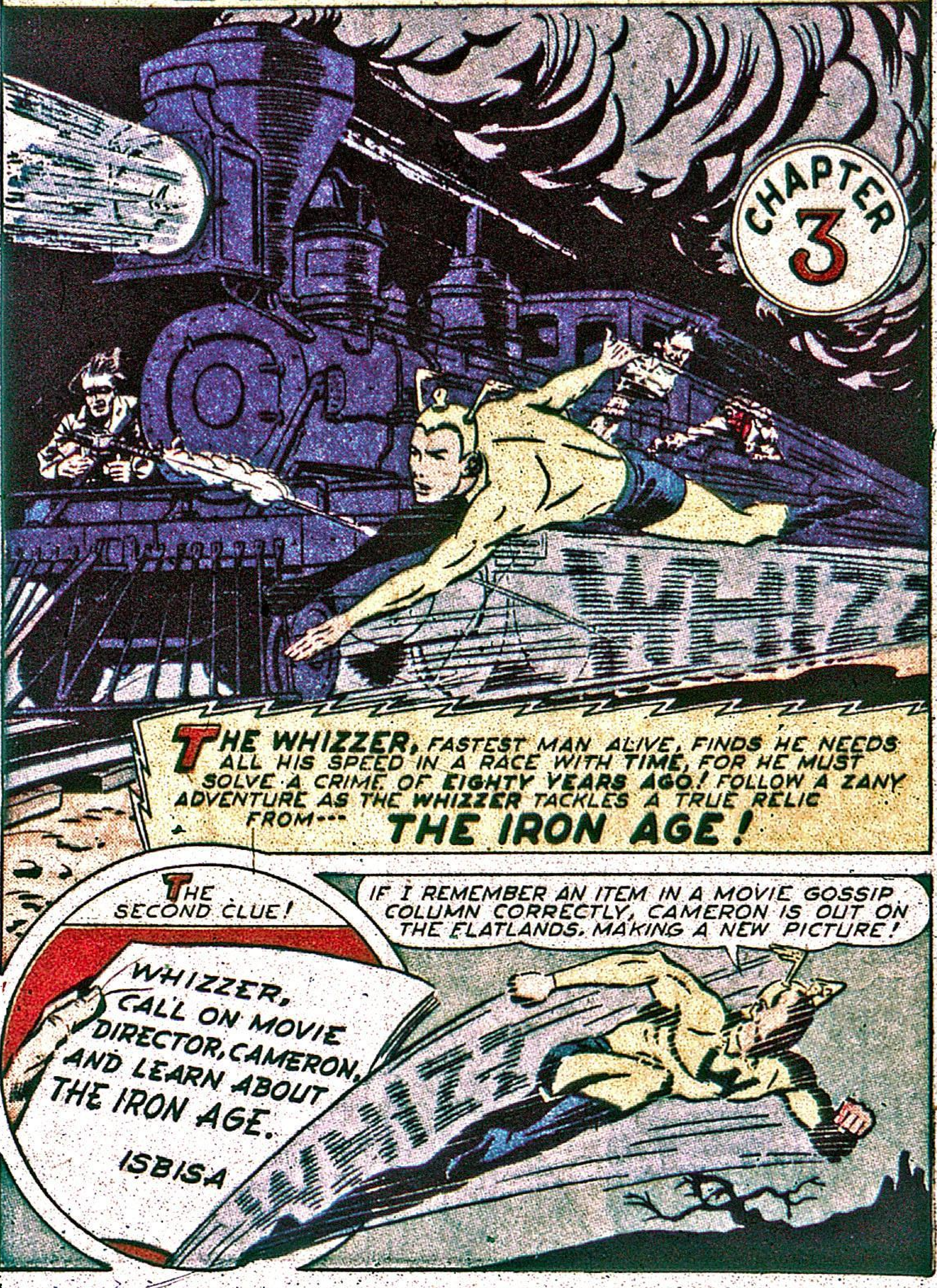

I THINK THOSE MEN WERE BANDITS! THEY INFECTED THE IDOL SO IT WOULD BE TAKEN OUT OF THE MUSEUM!
EXACTLY! THEY INTEND TO HIJACK THE PLANT TRUCK! IT WOULD BE EASY ON THE HIGHWAY! THEY'RE AFTER THE STAR SAPPHIRES!
A NEW PLAN IS DEVISED TO DEFEAT THE BANDITS...
THERE! THE IDOL IS SAFE INSIDE THE ARMORED TRUCK! AND THAT POLICE ESCORT SHOULD DISCOURAGE ANY HIJACKING!
DEAR ME! THAT EMPTY SPACE... NOT VERY ARTISTIC! I'LL CALL OUR WAREHOUSE AND HAVE THEM SEND UP ANOTHER BRONZE STATUE TONIGHT!
WELL, IT WAS SURE EASY TO MESS UP THE PLANS OF THESE BANDITS, CAP!
THAT'S WHAT WORRIES ME! THEIR METHOD OF INFECTING THE BRONZE WAS TOO BRAZEN! IT POINTED TO A HIJACK SO OBVIOUSLY... TOO OBVIOUSLY!
NIGHT... A LARGE TRUCK PULLS UP BEFORE THE BACK OF THE MUSEUM, NOW CLOSED FOR THE EVENING....
HERE'S THAT PIECE YOU CALLED UP ABOUT!
RIGHT INSIDE, BOYS! EASY NOW! CAREFUL!
SUDDENLY!
WHY, YOU'RE NOT OUR MEN... OOHH!
RIGHT, PALLY! WE SLUGGED YOUR TRUCKBOYS AND CHANGED PLACES!
TIE HIM UP, SHIV!

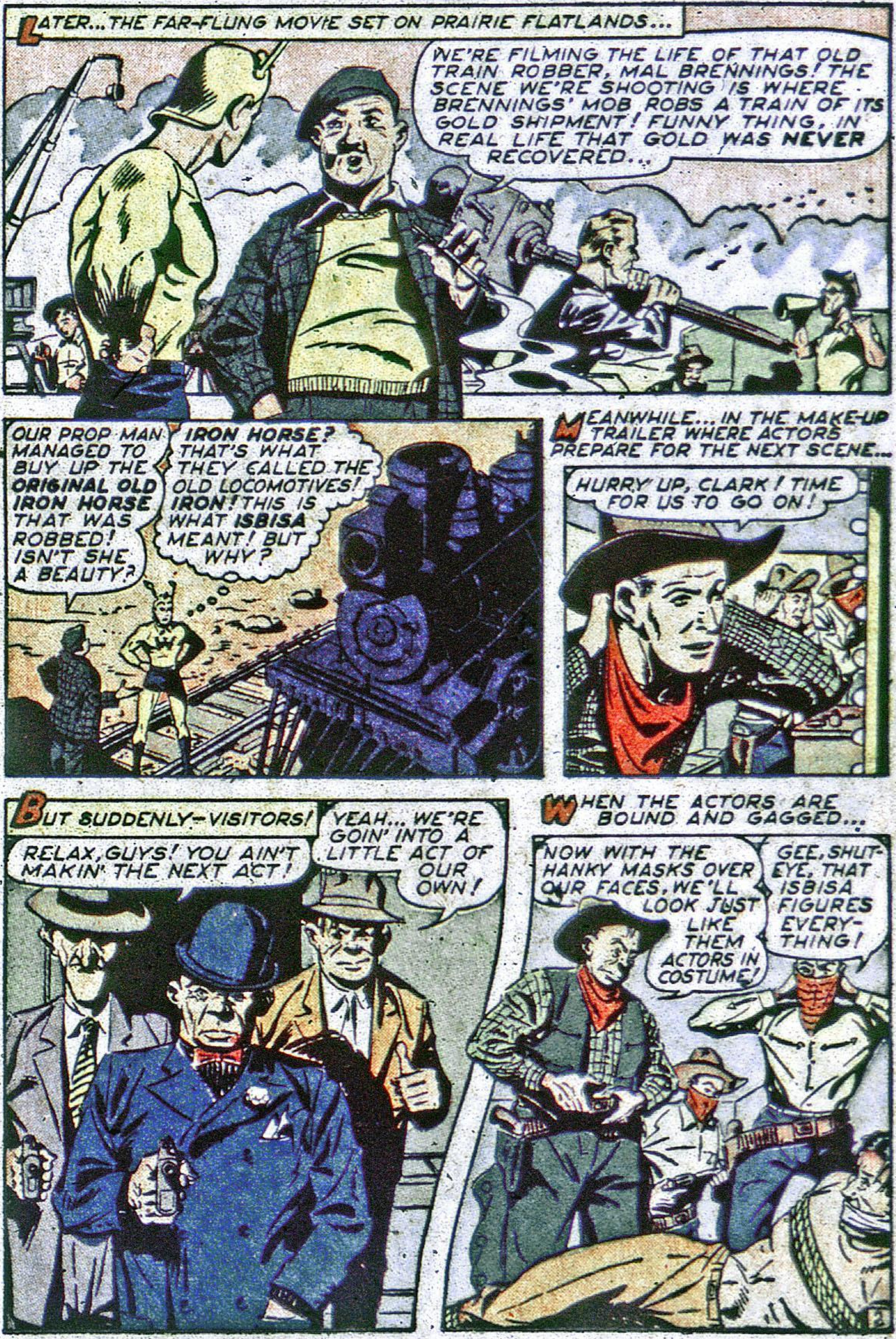

ISBISA FIGURES A SWEET SETUP! WE USE THE IDOL AS A RED HERRING.. SO THEY'D MOVE IT OUT AND WE MOVE IN! NOW WE CAN GRAB THEM EXPENSIVE PAINTINGS, WHICH IS WHAT WE'RE REALLY AFTER!
BUT SUDDENLY!
YOU TWO AGAIN?
RIGHT! YOU FOOLED EVERYBODY BUT CAP!
DON'T CROWD ME, BOY!
YOUR KID AIN'T DOIN' SO GOOD! MY FRIEND "TOMMY" DON'T LIKE HIM! AND HE SPITS BULLETS, UNDERSTAND?
HUH? ALL RIGHT, PORKY! I'LL QUIT!
CAP! FORGET ME! SAIL INTO THESE GUYS!
AND RATHER THAN RISK BUCKY'S LIFE, CAP GIVES IN..
THE GREAT CAPTAIN AMERICA... FIT TO BE TIED! HAW! HAW!
YOU FAT SLAB OF HAM! FOR TWO CENTS I'D BUST THESE ROPES AND SLAP YOU IN THE SNOOT!
HERE'S YOUR TWO CENTS, LOUDMOUTH! GO AHEAD AN' BREAK LOOSE! I'M WAITIN'!

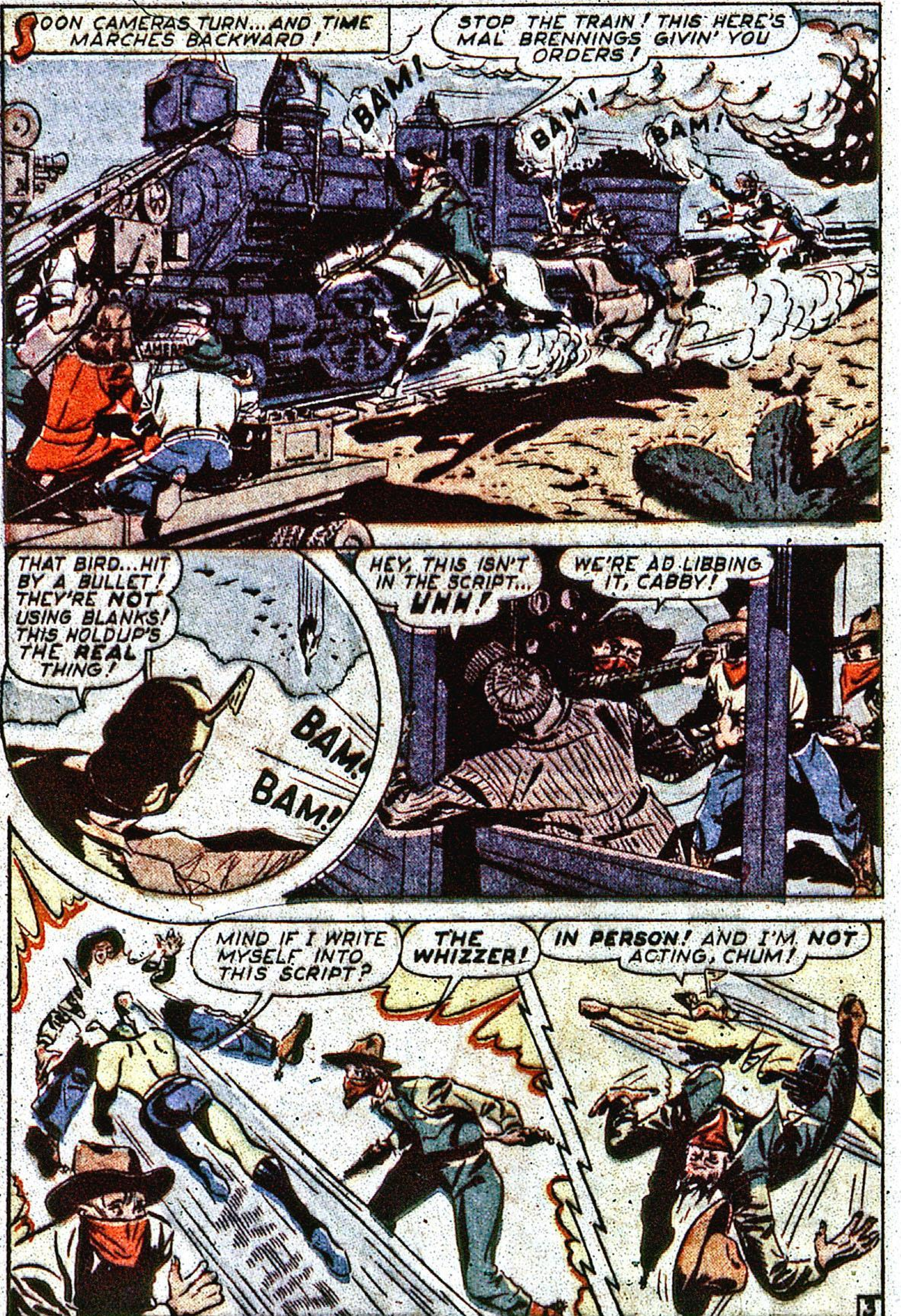

HAW! HEY, SHIV... YOU WATCH THESE PUNKS WHILE ME AND THE BOYS START LOADIN' PAINTINGS INTO THE TRUCK!
OKAY, PORKY!
CAP RUBS HIS BONDS OVER THE SAWTOOTH EDGES OF A BROKEN LIGHT BULB!
THEN COMES THE ANSWER TO CAP'S TEASING OF PORKY! FOR, SNAGGING A PENNY, CAP UNSCREWS THE BULB AND INSERTS THE PENNY IN THE SOCKET!
THEN, BLACKOUT!
THE LIGHTS! THEY'RE OUT! UGH!
AND SO ARE YOU, BROTHER!
AND IN THE OUTER HALLWAY...
SOMETHING'S GONE WRONG! ALL THE LIGHTS ARE OUT!
I'LL BET THAT CAPTAIN AMERICA DID IT!
THERE HE IS! POUR IT INTO HIM!

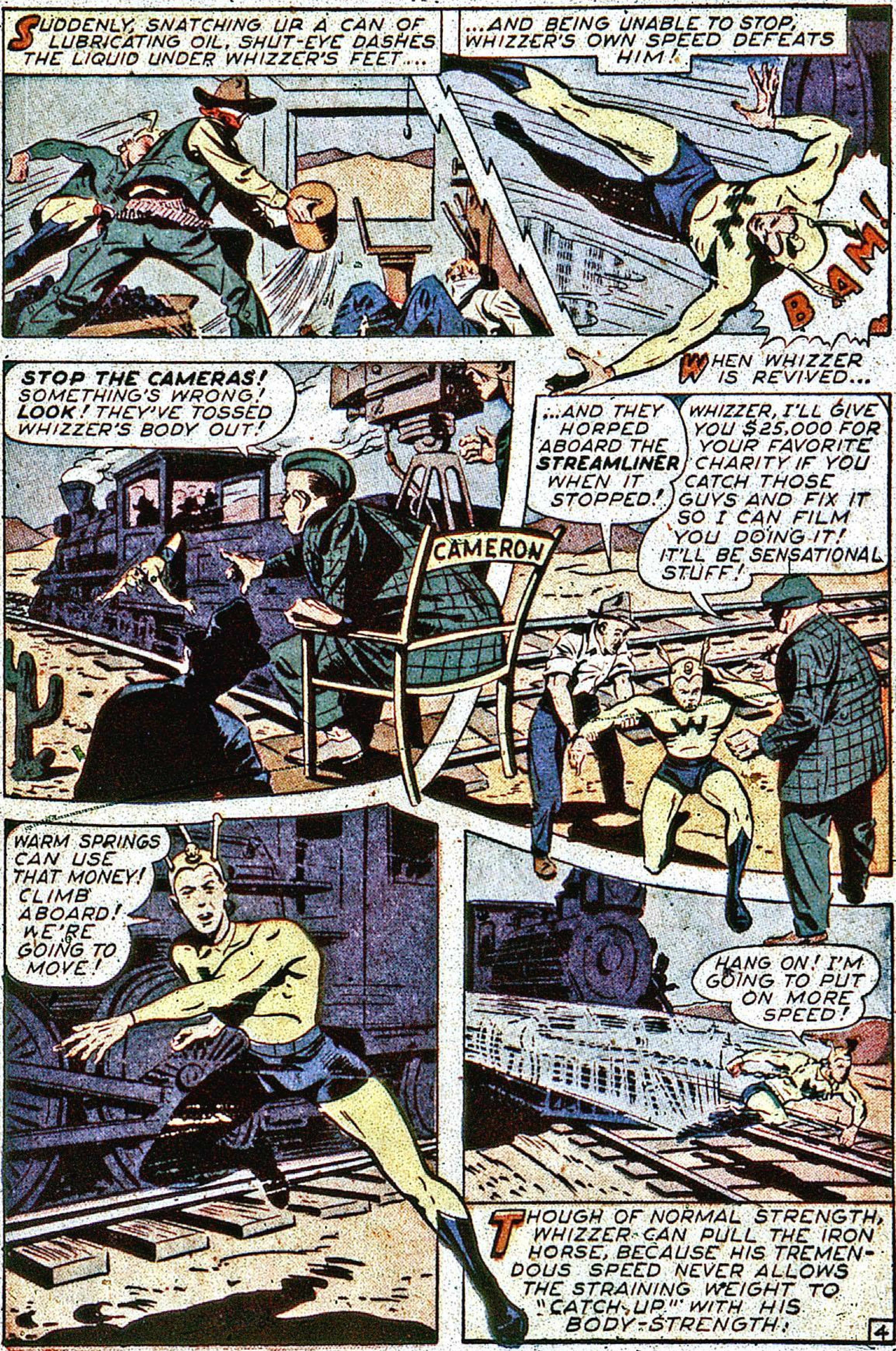

BUT, SURPRISINGLY THE STALWART FIGURE REMAINS UPRIGHT, UNMOVING! A LIGHTER PROVIDES THE STARTLING SOLUTION!
IT'S A STATUE OF A WRESTLER!
WE'VE BEEN TRICKED!
THEN COMES THE STORM!
YAHOO! NICE FIGHT, EH, CAP?
IT'LL DO TILL OUR NEXT ONE COMES ALONG!
LATER, WHEN EVERYTHING IS UNDER CONTROL...
NICE GOING, CAP! WHEN YOU STUCK THAT COPPER PENNY IN THE FIXTURE, YOU SHORT-CIRCUITED ALL THE ELECTRIC CURRENT!
TCH, TCH, BUCKY... THAT WASN'T A COPPER PENNY!
ALL MODERN PENNY COINS ARE COMPOSED OF COPPER AND TIN, MAKING THE ALLOY BRONZE!
BRONZE GOT US INTO THIS MESS, AND NOW BRONZE GETS US OUT OF IT!
WE'RE NOT OUT YET! NOT UNTIL WE LOCATE ISBISA... AND I'VE GOT A HUNCH PORKY COULD BE PERSUADED TO TALK!
AND IN HIS HIDDEN SANCTUM...THE ELUSIVE ISBISA MUSES..
HA! HA! IT WON'T BE MUCH LONGER NOW! I WONDER HOW THE STUPID CAPTAIN AMERICA IS FARING? HA! HA! HE'S SO SURE OF HIMSELF! SO SURE! THE BLIND FOOL!

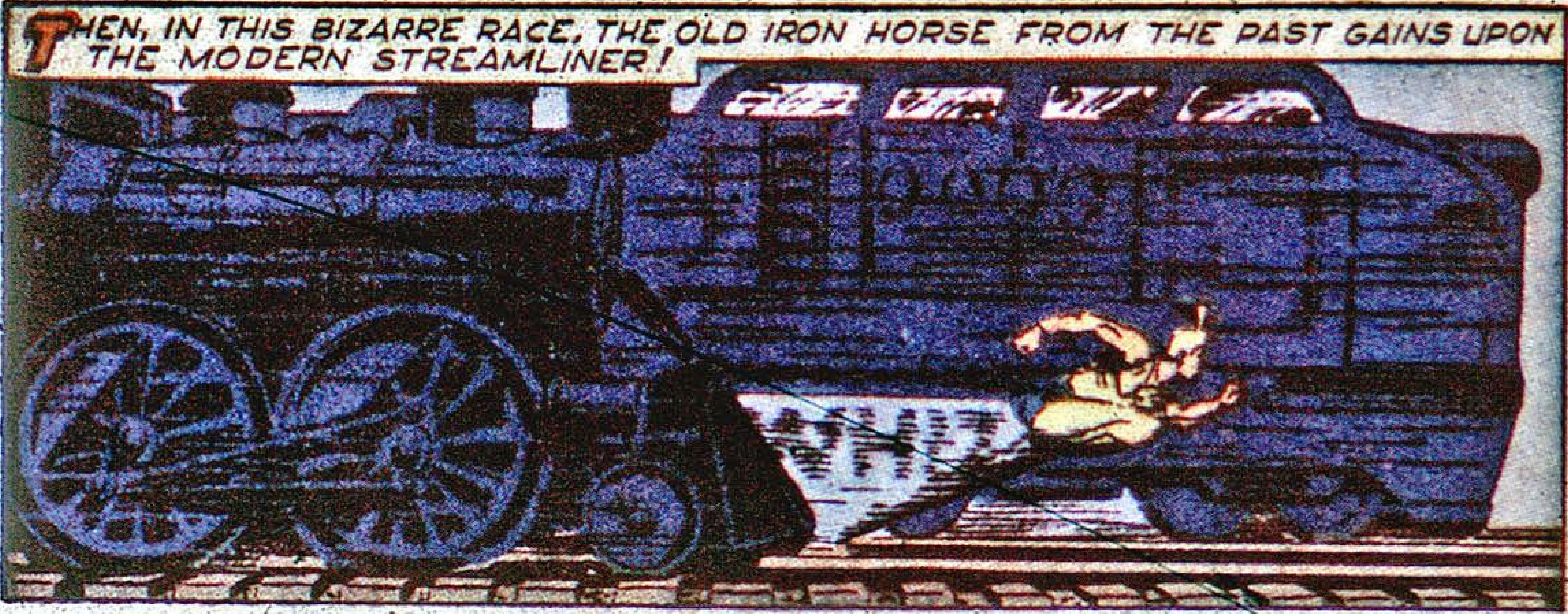
the WHIZZER

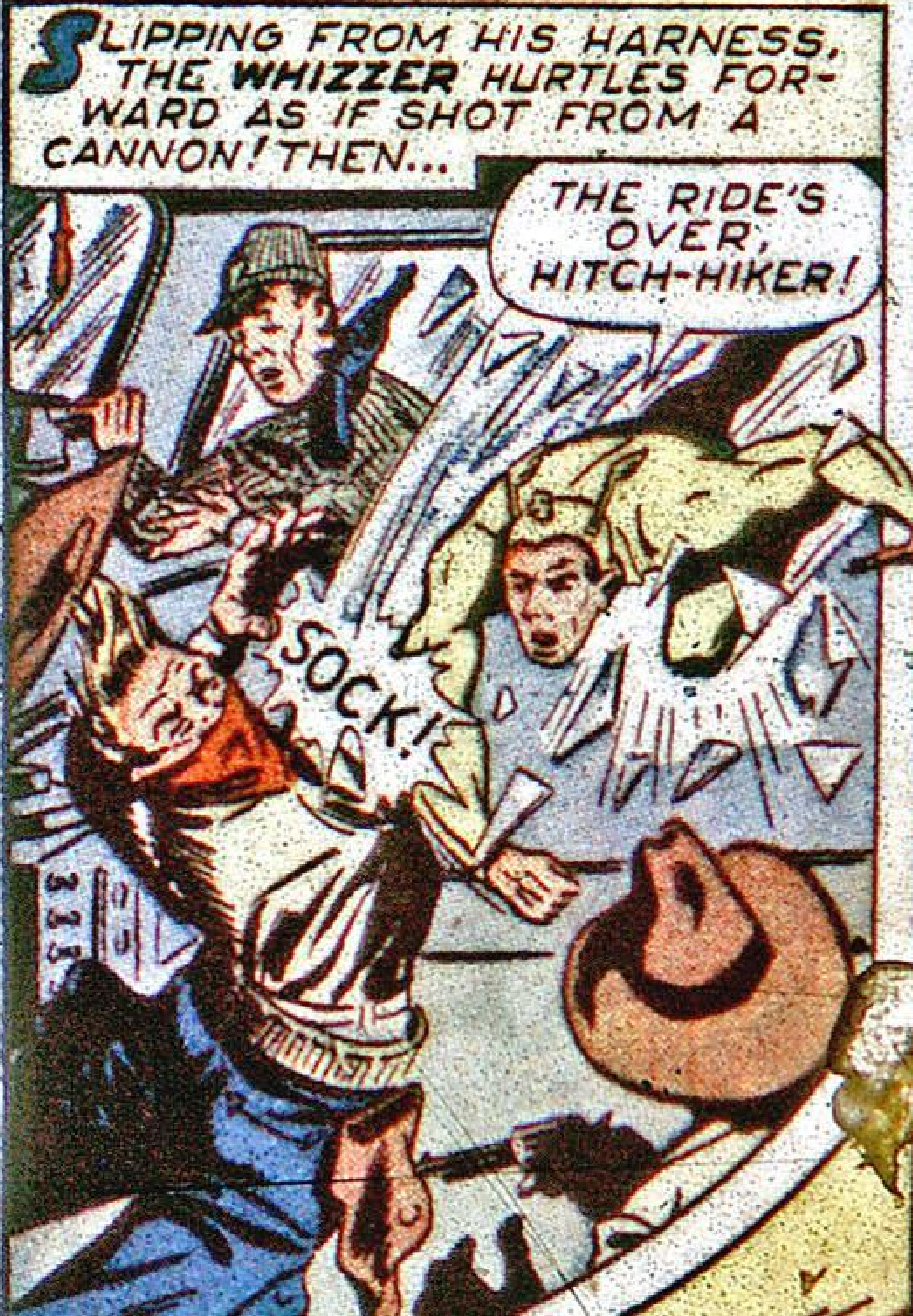

CHAPTER 3
WHIZZ
THE WHIZZER, FASTEST MAN ALIVE, FINDS HE NEEDS ALL HIS SPEED IN A RACE WITH TIME, FOR HE MUST SOLVE A CRIME OF EIGHTY YEARS AGO! FOLLOW A ZANY ADVENTURE AS THE WHIZZER TACKLES A TRUE RELIC FROM--- THE IRON AGE!
THE SECOND CLUE!
WHIZZER, CALL ON MOVIE DIRECTOR, CAMERON, AND LEARN ABOUT THE IRON AGE. ISBISA
IF I REMEMBER AN ITEM IN A MOVIE GOSSIP COLUMN CORRECTLY, CAMERON IS OUT ON THE FLATLANDS, MAKING A NEW PICTURE!
WHIZZZ

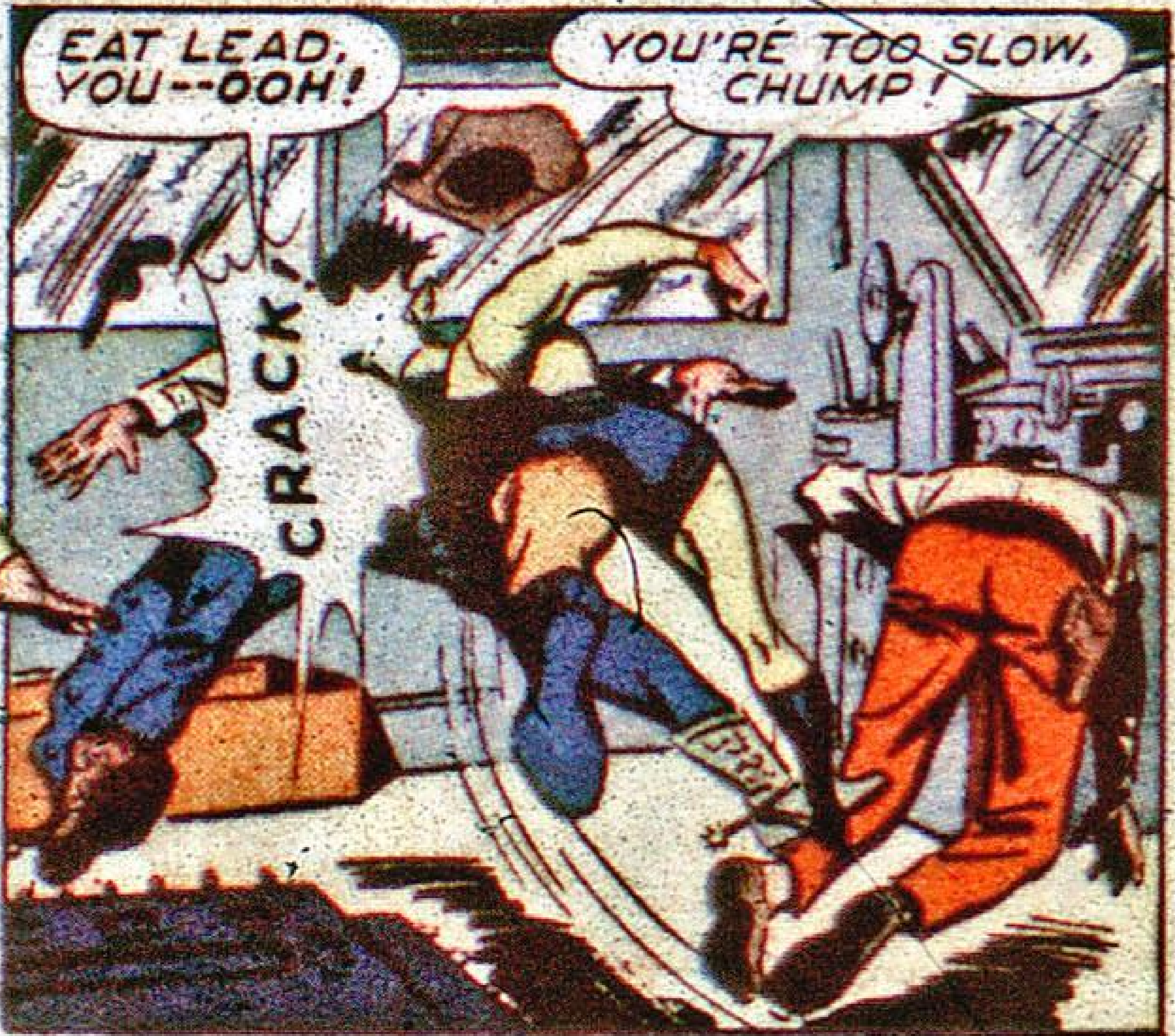

LATER... THE FAR-FLUNG MOVIE SET ON PRAIRIE FLATLANDS...
WE'RE FILMING THE LIFE OF THAT OLD TRAIN ROBBER, MAL BRENNINGS! THE SCENE WE'RE SHOOTING IS WHERE BRENNINGS' MOB ROBS A TRAIN OF ITS GOLD SHIPMENT! FUNNY THING, IN REAL LIFE THAT GOLD WAS **NEVER** RECOVERED...
OUR PROP MAN MANAGED TO BUY UP THE **ORIGINAL OLD IRON HORSE** THAT WAS ROBBED! ISN'T SHE A BEAUTY?
IRON HORSE? THAT'S WHAT THEY CALLED THE OLD LOCOMOTIVES! **IRON!** THIS IS WHAT **ISBISA** MEANT! BUT WHY?
MEANWHILE... IN THE MAKE-UP TRAILER WHERE ACTORS PREPARE FOR THE NEXT SCENE...
HURRY UP, CLARK! TIME FOR US TO GO ON!
BUT SUDDENLY--VISITORS!
RELAX, GUYS! YOU AIN'T MAKIN' THE NEXT ACT!
YEAH... WE'RE GOIN' INTO A LITTLE ACT OF OUR OWN!
WHEN THE ACTORS ARE BOUND AND GAGGED...
NOW WITH THE HANKY MASKS OVER OUR FACES, WE'LL LOOK JUST LIKE THEM ACTORS IN COSTUME!
GEE, SHUT-EYE, THAT ISBISA FIGURES EVERY-THING!

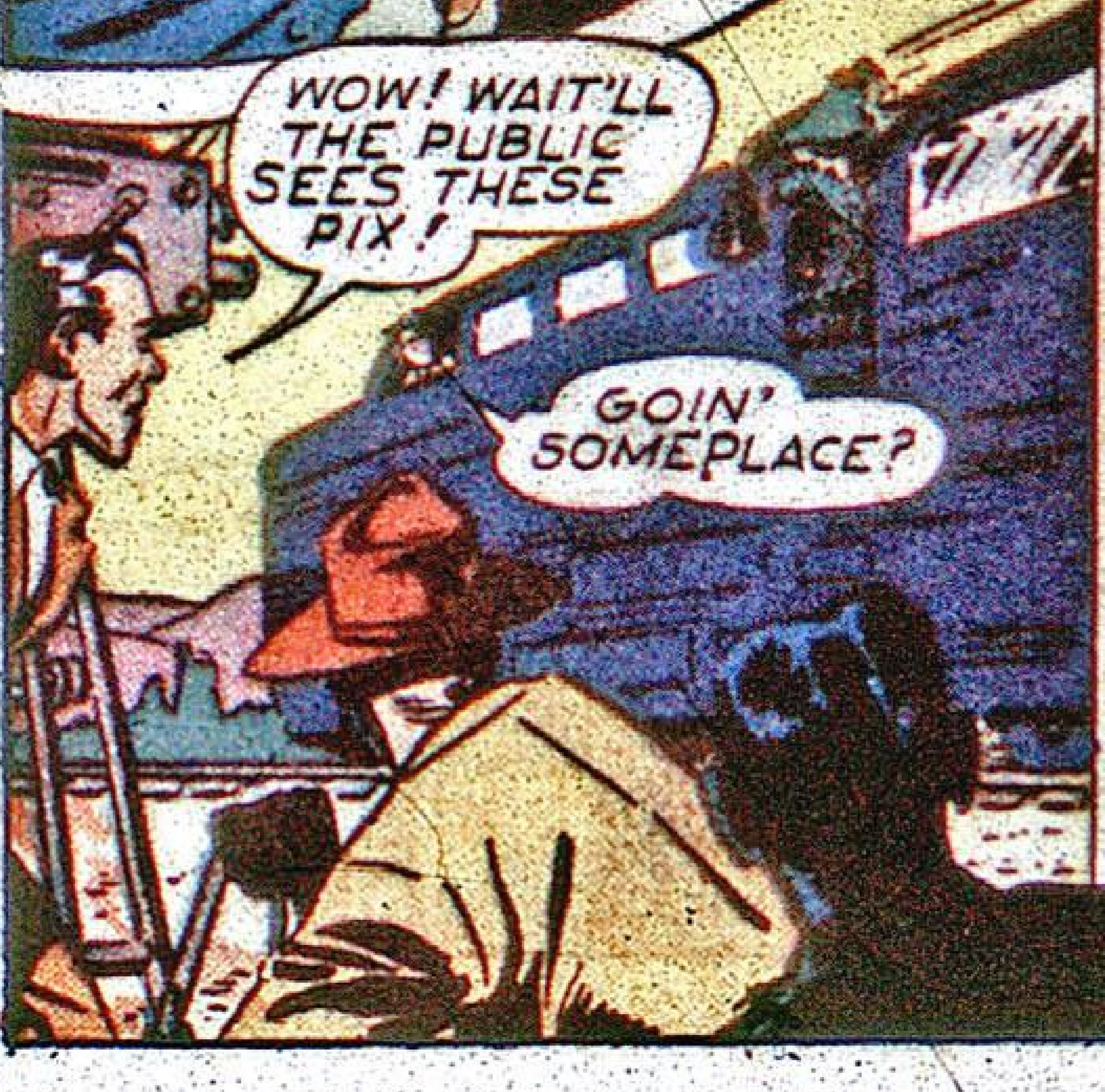

SOON CAMERAS TURN... AND TIME MARCHES BACKWARD!
STOP THE TRAIN! THIS HERE'S MAL BRENNINGS GIVIN' YOU ORDERS!
BAM!
BAM!
BAM!
THAT BIRD... HIT BY A BULLET! THEY'RE NOT USING BLANKS! THIS HOLDUP'S THE REAL THING!
BAM!
BAM!
HEY, THIS ISN'T IN THE SCRIPT... UNH!
WE'RE AD LIBBING IT, CABBY!
MIND IF I WRITE MYSELF INTO THIS SCRIPT?
THE WHIZZER!
IN PERSON! AND I'M NOT ACTING, CHUM!
3

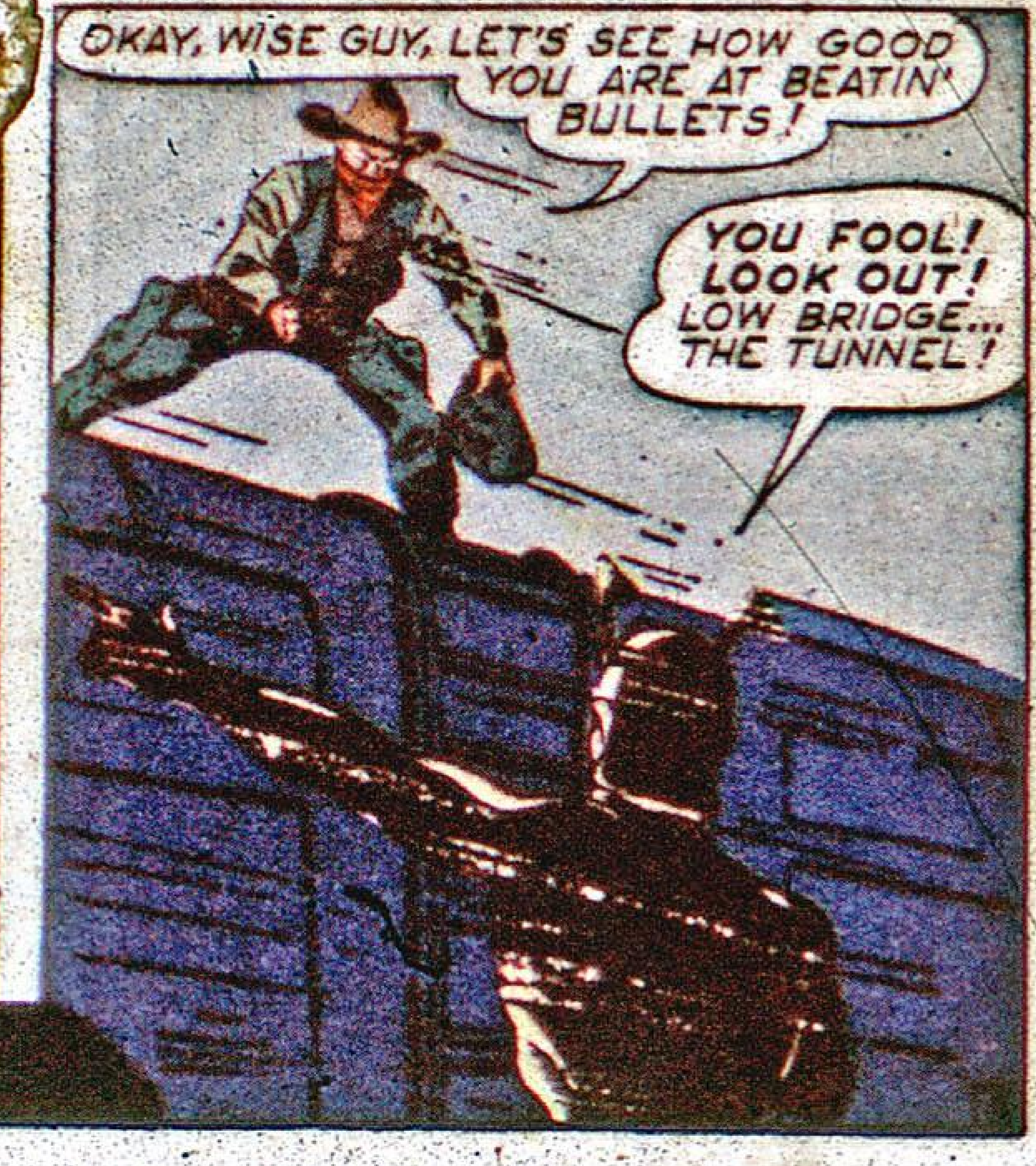

SUDDENLY, SNATCHING UP A CAN OF LUBRICATING OIL, SHUT-EYE DASHES THE LIQUID UNDER WHIZZER'S FEET....
...AND BEING UNABLE TO STOP, WHIZZER'S OWN SPEED DEFEATS HIM!
BAM!
WHEN WHIZZER IS REVIVED...
STOP THE CAMERAS! SOMETHING'S WRONG! LOOK! THEY'VE TOSSED WHIZZER'S BODY OUT!
CAMERON
...AND THEY HOPPED ABOARD THE STREAMLINER WHEN IT STOPPED!
WHIZZER, I'LL GIVE YOU $25,000 FOR YOUR FAVORITE CHARITY IF YOU CATCH THOSE GUYS AND FIX IT SO I CAN FILM YOU DOING IT! IT'LL BE SENSATIONAL STUFF!
WARM SPRINGS CAN USE THAT MONEY! CLIMB ABOARD! WE'RE GOING TO MOVE!
HANG ON! I'M GOING TO PUT ON MORE SPEED!
THOUGH OF NORMAL STRENGTH, WHIZZER CAN PULL THE IRON HORSE, BECAUSE HIS TREMENDOUS SPEED NEVER ALLOWS THE STRAINING WEIGHT TO "CATCH-UP" WITH HIS BODY-STRENGTH!

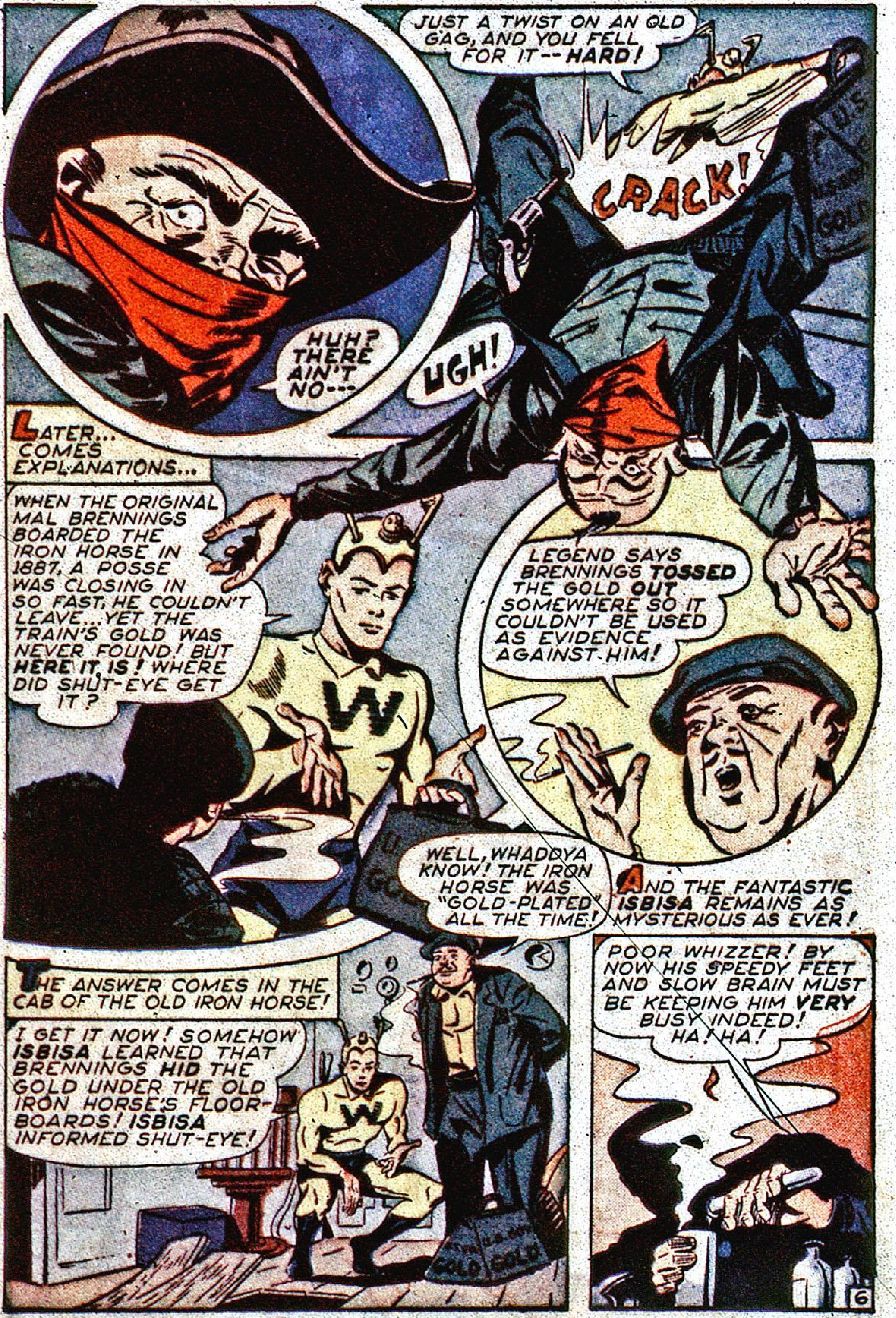

THEN, IN THIS BIZARRE RACE, THE OLD IRON HORSE FROM THE PAST GAINS UPON THE MODERN STREAMLINER!
WHIZ

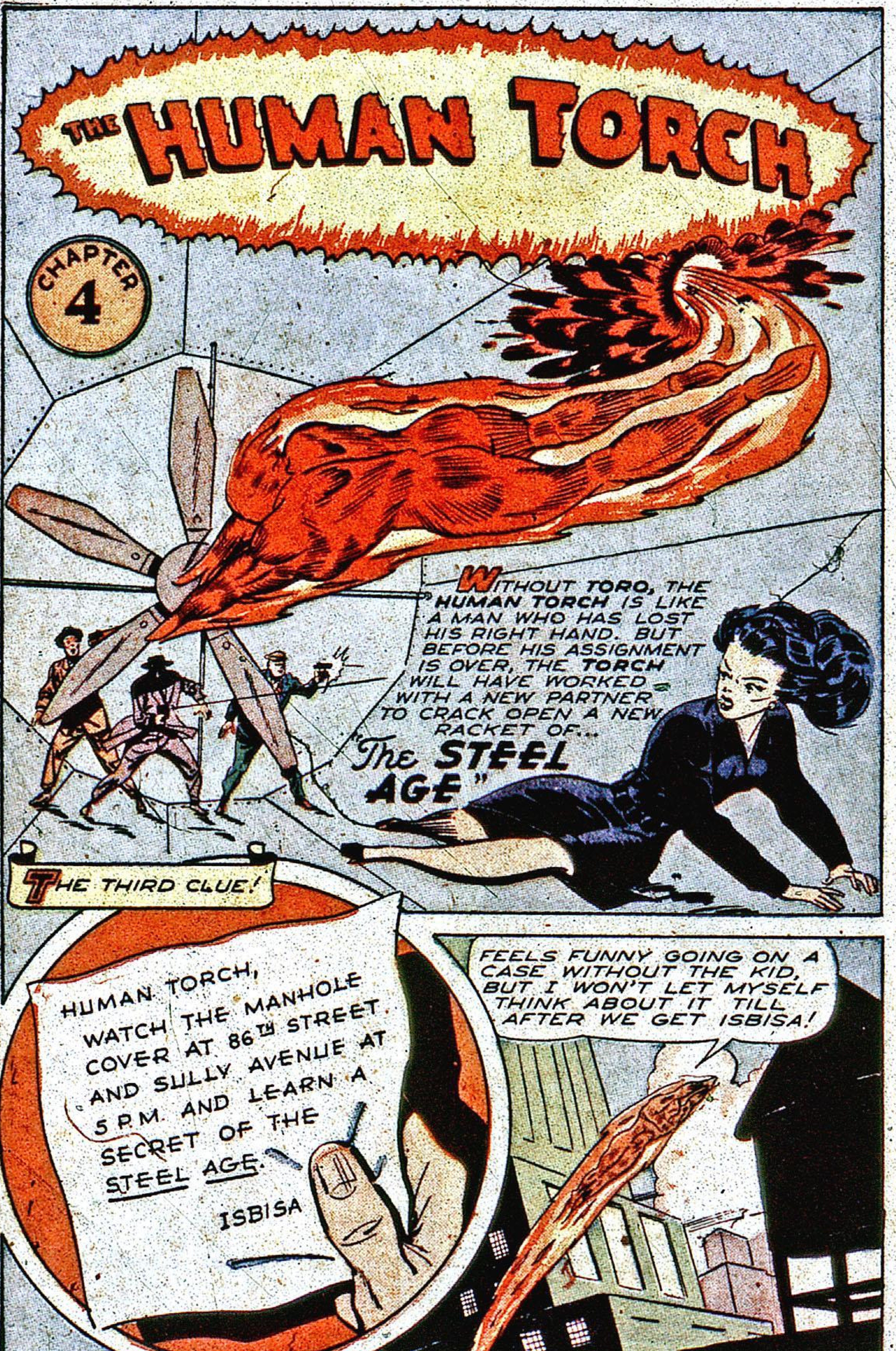

SLIPPING FROM HIS HARNESS, THE WHIZZER HURTLES FORWARD AS IF SHOT FROM A CANNON! THEN...
THE RIDE'S OVER, HITCH-HIKER!
SOCK!

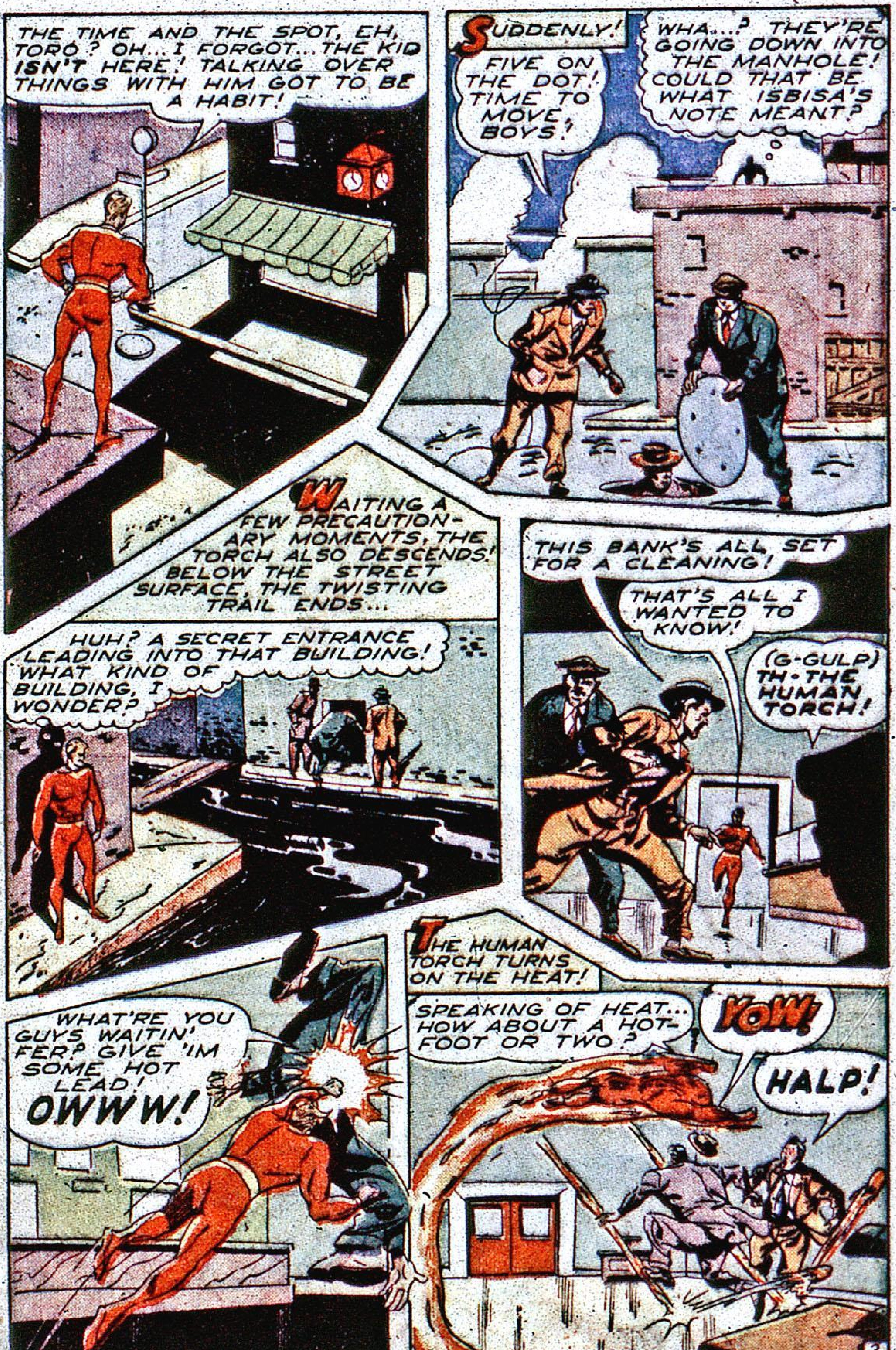

EAT LEAD, YOU--OOH!
YOU'RE TOO SLOW, CHUMP!
CRACK!

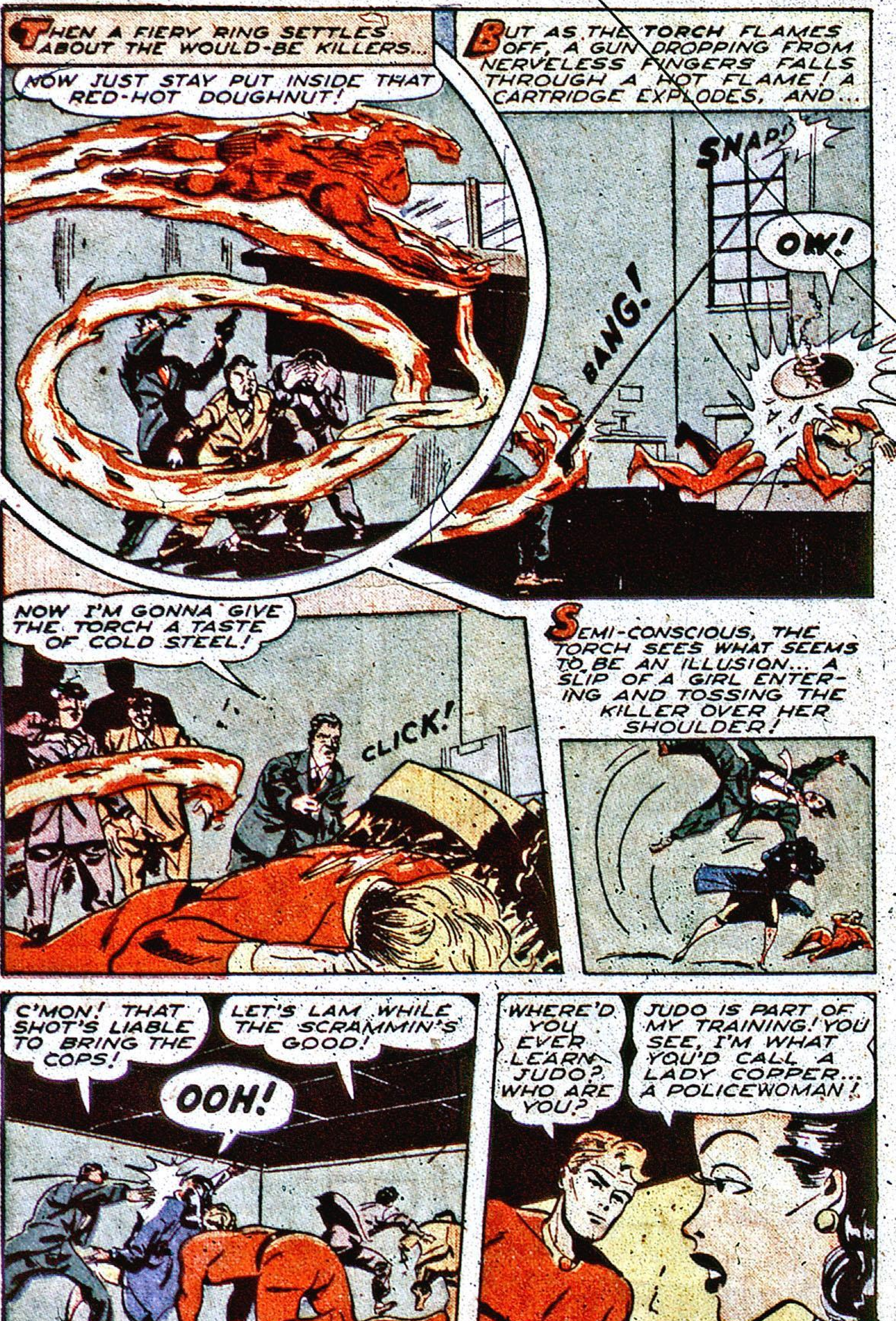

WOW! WAIT'LL THE PUBLIC SEES THESE PIX!
GOIN' SOMEPLACE?

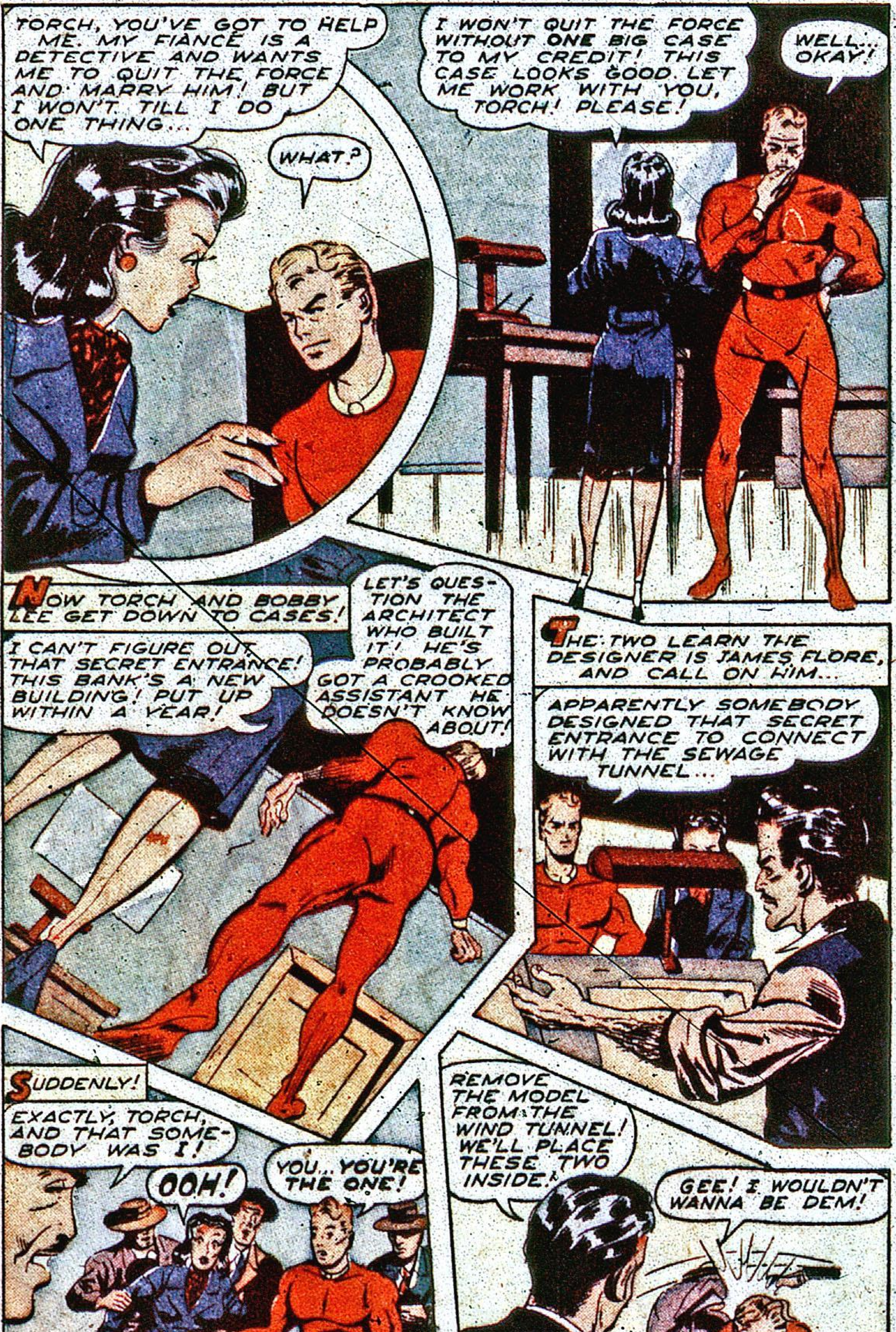

OKAY, WISE GUY, LET'S SEE HOW GOOD YOU ARE AT BEATIN' BULLETS!
YOU FOOL! LOOK OUT! LOW BRIDGE... THE TUNNEL!

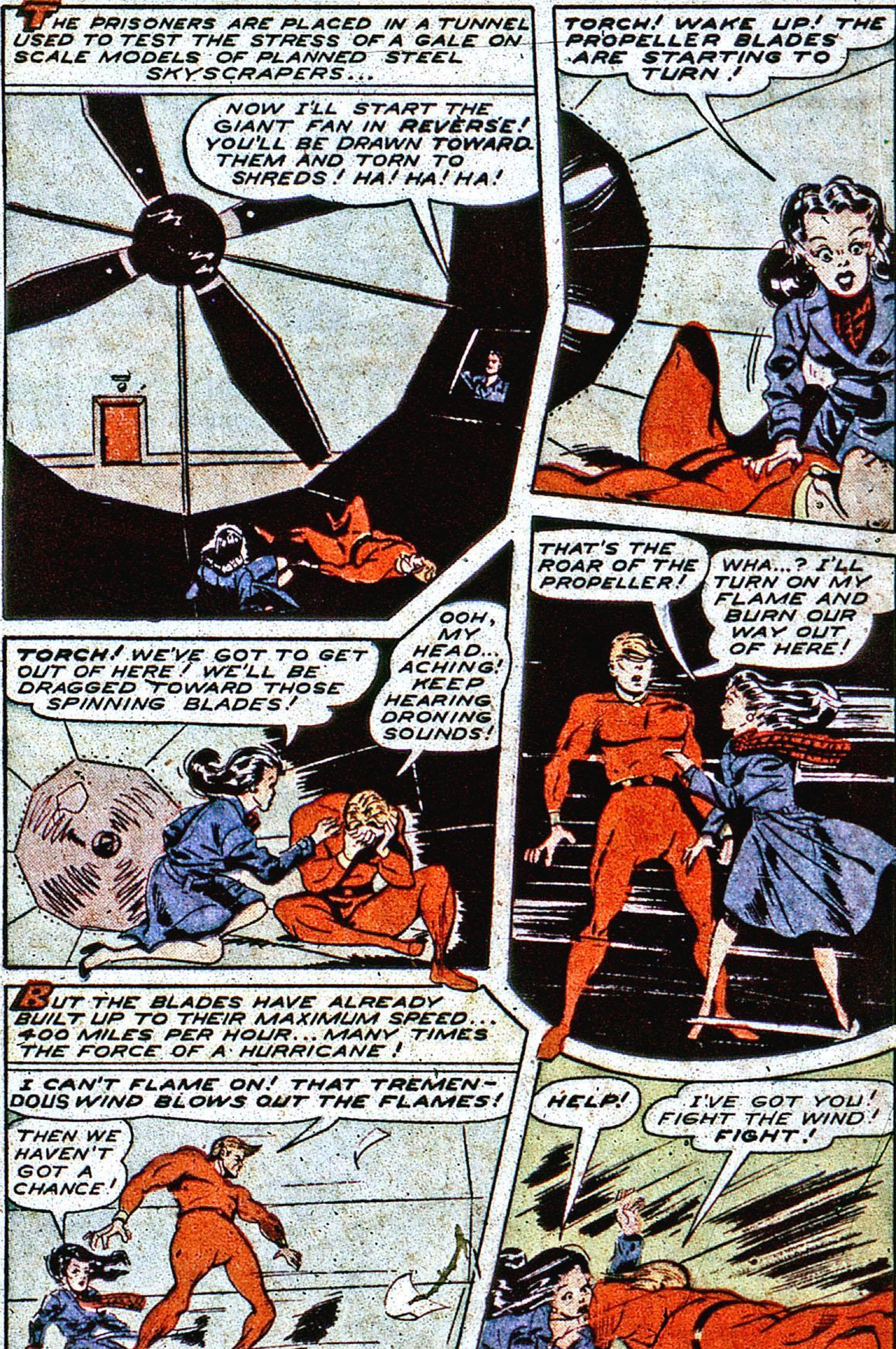

HUH? THERE AIN'T NO---
JUST A TWIST ON AN OLD GAG, AND YOU FELL FOR IT--HARD!
CRACK!
UGH!
U.S. GOLD
LATER... COMES EXPLANATIONS...
WHEN THE ORIGINAL MAL BRENNINGS BOARDED THE IRON HORSE IN 1887, A POSSE WAS CLOSING IN SO FAST, HE COULDN'T LEAVE...YET THE TRAIN'S GOLD WAS NEVER FOUND! BUT HERE IT IS! WHERE DID SHUT-EYE GET IT?
LEGEND SAYS BRENNINGS TOSSED THE GOLD OUT SOMEWHERE SO IT COULDN'T BE USED AS EVIDENCE AGAINST HIM!
WELL, WHADDYA KNOW! THE IRON HORSE WAS "GOLD-PLATED" ALL THE TIME!
THE ANSWER COMES IN THE CAB OF THE OLD IRON HORSE!
I GET IT NOW! SOMEHOW ISBISA LEARNED THAT BRENNINGS HID THE GOLD UNDER THE OLD IRON HORSE'S FLOORBOARDS! ISBISA INFORMED SHUT-EYE!
U.S. GOLD
GOLD
AND THE FANTASTIC ISBISA REMAINS AS MYSTERIOUS AS EVER!
POOR WHIZZER! BY NOW HIS SPEEDY FEET AND SLOW BRAIN MUST BE KEEPING HIM VERY BUSY INDEED! HA! HA!

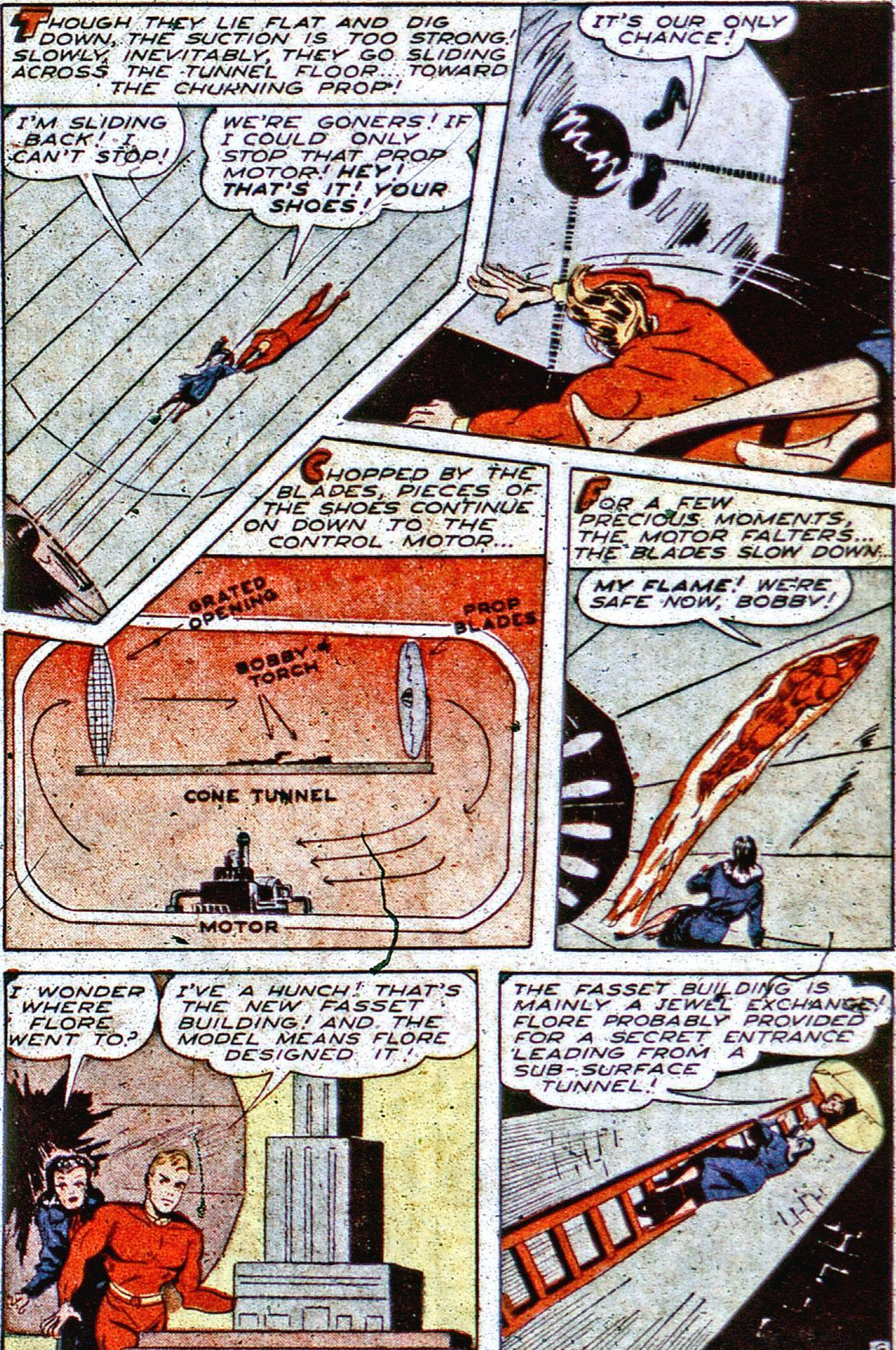

THE HUMAN TORCH
CHAPTER 4
WITHOUT TORO, THE HUMAN TORCH IS LIKE A MAN WHO HAS LOST HIS RIGHT HAND. BUT BEFORE HIS ASSIGNMENT IS OVER, THE TORCH WILL HAVE WORKED WITH A NEW PARTNER TO CRACK OPEN A NEW RACKET OF... "The STEEL AGE"
THE THIRD CLUE!
HUMAN TORCH,
WATCH THE MANHOLE COVER AT 86TH STREET AND SULLY AVENUE AT 5 P.M. AND LEARN A SECRET OF THE STEEL AGE.
ISBISA
FEELS FUNNY GOING ON A CASE WITHOUT THE KID, BUT I WON'T LET MYSELF THINK ABOUT IT TILL AFTER WE GET ISBISA!

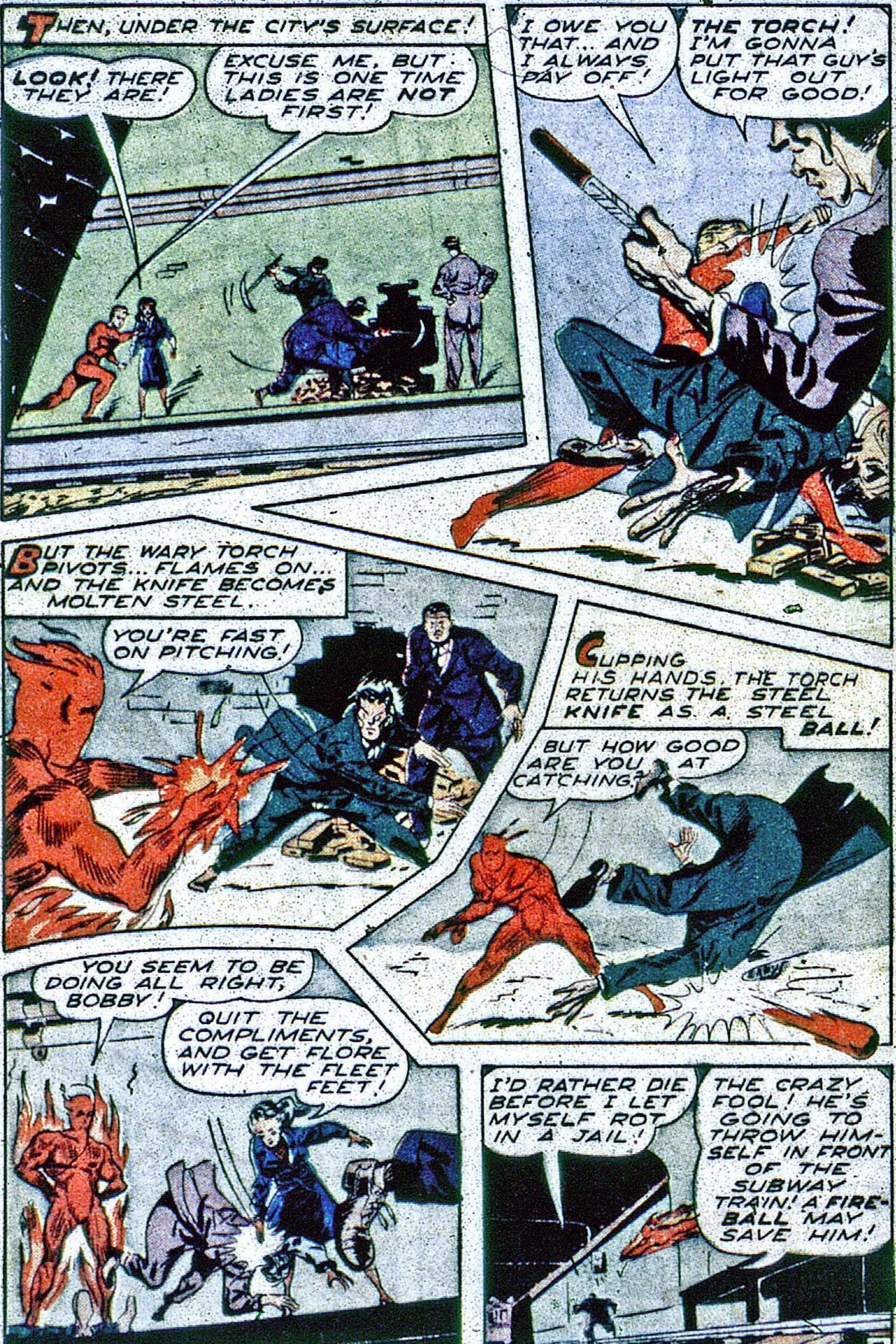

THE TIME AND THE SPOT, EH, TORO? OH.. I FORGOT...THE KID ISN'T HERE! TALKING OVER THINGS WITH HIM GOT TO BE A HABIT!
SUDDENLY!
FIVE ON THE DOT! TIME TO MOVE, BOYS!
WHA...? THEY'RE GOING DOWN INTO THE MANHOLE! COULD THAT BE WHAT ISBISA'S NOTE MEANT?
WAITING A FEW PRECAUTIONARY MOMENTS, THE TORCH ALSO DESCENDS! BELOW THE STREET SURFACE, THE TWISTING TRAIL ENDS...
HUH? A SECRET ENTRANCE LEADING INTO THAT BUILDING! WHAT KIND OF BUILDING, I WONDER?
THIS BANK'S ALL SET FOR A CLEANING!
THAT'S ALL I WANTED TO KNOW!
(G-GULP) TH-THE HUMAN TORCH!
WHAT'RE YOU GUYS WAITIN' FER? GIVE 'IM SOME HOT LEAD!
OWWW!
THE HUMAN TORCH TURNS ON THE HEAT!
SPEAKING OF HEAT... HOW ABOUT A HOT-FOOT OR TWO?
YOW!
HALP!

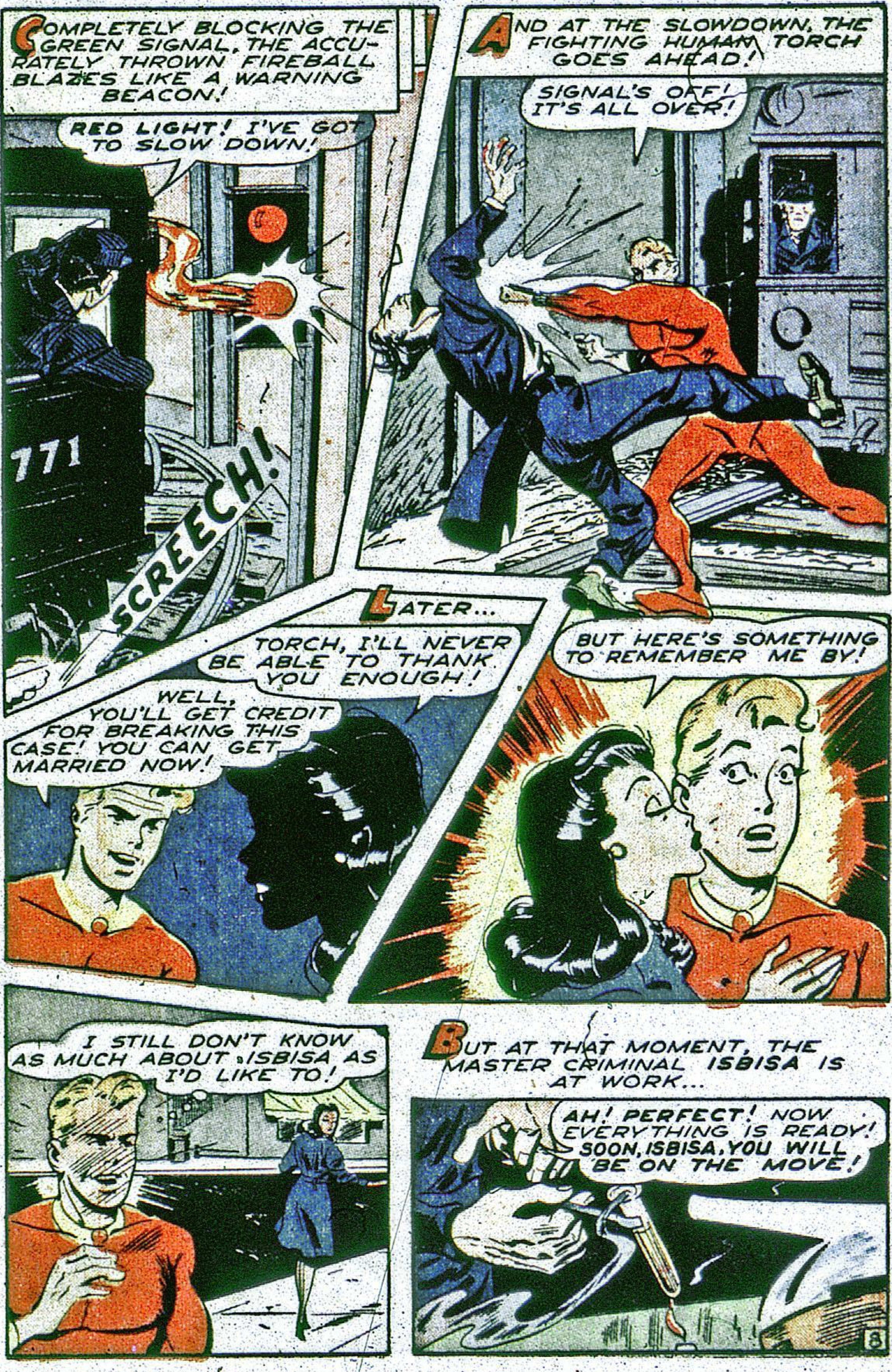

THEN A FIERY RING SETTLES ABOUT THE WOULD-BE KILLERS...
NOW JUST STAY PUT INSIDE THAT RED-HOT DOUGHNUT!
BUT AS THE TORCH FLAMES OFF, A GUN DROPPING FROM NERVELESS FINGERS FALLS THROUGH A HOT FLAME! A CARTRIDGE EXPLODES, AND...
SNAP!
OW!
BANG!
NOW I'M GONNA GIVE THE TORCH A TASTE OF COLD STEEL!
CLICK!
SEMI-CONSCIOUS, THE TORCH SEES WHAT SEEMS TO BE AN ILLUSION... A SLIP OF A GIRL ENTERING AND TOSSING THE KILLER OVER HER SHOULDER!
C'MON! THAT SHOT'S LIABLE TO BRING THE COPS!
LET'S LAM WHILE THE SCRAMMIN'S GOOD!
OOH!
WHERE'D YOU EVER LEARN JUDO? WHO ARE YOU?
JUDO IS PART OF MY TRAINING! YOU SEE, I'M WHAT YOU'D CALL A LADY COPPER... A POLICEWOMAN!
3


TORCH, YOU'VE GOT TO HELP ME. MY FIANCE IS A DETECTIVE AND WANTS ME TO QUIT THE FORCE AND MARRY HIM! BUT I WON'T TILL I DO ONE THING...
WHAT?
I WON'T QUIT THE FORCE WITHOUT ONE BIG CASE TO MY CREDIT! THIS CASE LOOKS GOOD. LET ME WORK WITH YOU, TORCH! PLEASE!
WELL.. OKAY!
NOW TORCH AND BOBBY LEE GET DOWN TO CASES!
I CAN'T FIGURE OUT THAT SECRET ENTRANCE! THIS BANK'S A NEW BUILDING! PUT UP WITHIN A YEAR!
LET'S QUESTION THE ARCHITECT WHO BUILT IT! HE'S PROBABLY GOT A CROOKED ASSISTANT HE DOESN'T KNOW ABOUT!
THE TWO LEARN THE DESIGNER IS JAMES FLORE, AND CALL ON HIM...
APPARENTLY SOMEBODY DESIGNED THAT SECRET ENTRANCE TO CONNECT WITH THE SEWAGE TUNNEL...
SUDDENLY!
EXACTLY, TORCH, AND THAT SOMEBODY WAS I!
OOH!
YOU.. YOU'RE THE ONE!
REMOVE THE MODEL FROM THE WIND TUNNEL! WE'LL PLACE THESE TWO INSIDE!
GEE! I WOULDN'T WANNA BE DEM!


THE PRISONERS ARE PLACED IN A TUNNEL USED TO TEST THE STRESS OF A GALE ON SCALE MODELS OF PLANNED STEEL SKYSCRAPERS...
NOW I'LL START THE GIANT FAN IN REVERSE! YOU'LL BE DRAWN TOWARD THEM AND TORN TO SHREDS! HA! HA! HA!
TORCH! WAKE UP! THE PROPELLER BLADES ARE STARTING TO TURN!
TORCH! WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE! WE'LL BE DRAGGED TOWARD THOSE SPINNING BLADES!
OOH, MY HEAD... ACHING! KEEP HEARING DRONING SOUNDS!
THAT'S THE ROAR OF THE PROPELLER!
WHA...? I'LL TURN ON MY FLAME AND BURN OUR WAY OUT OF HERE!
BUT THE BLADES HAVE ALREADY BUILT UP TO THEIR MAXIMUM SPEED... 400 MILES PER HOUR... MANY TIMES THE FORCE OF A HURRICANE!
I CAN'T FLAME ON! THAT TREMENDOUS WIND BLOWS OUT THE FLAMES!
THEN WE HAVEN'T GOT A CHANCE!
HELP!
I'VE GOT YOU! FIGHT THE WIND! FIGHT!


THOUGH THEY LIE FLAT AND DIG DOWN, THE SUCTION IS TOO STRONG! SLOWLY, INEVITABLY, THEY GO SLIDING ACROSS THE TUNNEL FLOOR... TOWARD THE CHURNING PROP!
I'M SLIDING BACK! I CAN'T STOP!
WE'RE GONERS! IF I COULD ONLY STOP THAT PROP MOTOR! HEY! THAT'S IT! YOUR SHOES!
IT'S OUR ONLY CHANCE!
CHOPPED BY THE BLADES, PIECES OF THE SHOES CONTINUE ON DOWN TO THE CONTROL MOTOR...
GRATED OPENING
PROP BLADES
BOBBY & TORCH
CONE TUNNEL
MOTOR
FOR A FEW PRECIOUS MOMENTS, THE MOTOR FALTERS... THE BLADES SLOW DOWN...
MY FLAME! WE'RE SAFE NOW, BOBBY!
I WONDER WHERE FLORE WENT TO?
I'VE A HUNCH! THAT'S THE NEW FASSET BUILDING! AND THE MODEL MEANS FLORE DESIGNED IT!
THE FASSET BUILDING IS MAINLY A JEWEL EXCHANGE! FLORE PROBABLY PROVIDED FOR A SECRET ENTRANCE LEADING FROM A SUB-SURFACE TUNNEL!


THEN, UNDER THE CITY'S SURFACE!
LOOK! THERE THEY ARE!
EXCUSE ME, BUT THIS IS ONE TIME LADIES ARE NOT FIRST!
I OWE YOU THAT.. AND I ALWAYS PAY OFF!
THE TORCH! I'M GONNA PUT THAT GUY'S LIGHT OUT FOR GOOD!
BUT THE WARY TORCH PIVOTS... FLAMES ON... AND THE KNIFE BECOMES MOLTEN STEEL.
YOU'RE FAST ON PITCHING!
CUPPING HIS HANDS, THE TORCH RETURNS THE STEEL KNIFE AS A STEEL BALL!
BUT HOW GOOD ARE YOU AT CATCHING?
YOU SEEM TO BE DOING ALL RIGHT, BOBBY!
QUIT THE COMPLIMENTS, AND GET FLORE WITH THE FLEET FEET!
I'D RATHER DIE BEFORE I LET MYSELF ROT IN A JAIL!
THE CRAZY FOOL! HE'S GOING TO THROW HIMSELF IN FRONT OF THE SUBWAY TRAIN! A FIRE-BALL MAY SAVE HIM!


COMPLETELY BLOCKING THE GREEN SIGNAL, THE ACCURATELY THROWN FIREBALL BLAZES LIKE A WARNING BEACON!
RED LIGHT! I'VE GOT TO SLOW DOWN!
771
SCREECH!
AND AT THE SLOWDOWN, THE FIGHTING HUMAN TORCH GOES AHEAD!
SIGNAL'S OFF! IT'S ALL OVER!
LATER...
TORCH, I'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO THANK YOU ENOUGH!
WELL, YOU'LL GET CREDIT FOR BREAKING THIS CASE! YOU CAN GET MARRIED NOW!
BUT HERE'S SOMETHING TO REMEMBER ME BY!
I STILL DON'T KNOW AS MUCH ABOUT ISBISA AS I'D LIKE TO!
BUT AT THAT MOMENT, THE MASTER CRIMINAL ISBISA IS AT WORK...
AH! PERFECT! NOW EVERYTHING IS READY! SOON, ISBISA, YOU WILL BE ON THE MOVE!

PEARLS OF WISDOM

"WE have to do something about this, Gilleran!" the plump little jeweler wiped his brow. He was sweating and with good reason. The owner of the gigantic Moffet's Jewelers was faced with the loss of a fortune.

"Yeah, but what?" Gilleran examined the pearls on the jeweler's desk. "If they're phonies, I can find it out and show them up. *If* they're phonies! They look okay to me!"

"They're not phonies!" Moffet nearly screamed in his exasperation. "They're good pearls. The only thing wrong with them is the price. The market is flooded with good pearls selling at half of what I have to charge for mine and I'm holding the biggest supplies of any one in the field! Bought at the old high prices, too!"

"Then the way I get it, you want me to find out *why* they're selling these pearls so cheaply. Right?" Moffet nodded weakly and Gilleran walked out of his office.

Gilleran walked straight across the street and joined the idlers watching a skyscraper going up. He loved to watch the big crane hauling huge steel girders from the trucks rumbling up. The huge steel block suspended on the slender wire cables dropped down on a girder and then, without cables or hooks, picked the girder up. Gilleran knew it worked on the electromagnetic principle, but he loved to watch it anyway. When they wanted it to pick up something they threw on the juice; when they wanted it to let go, the electric current went off.

Gilleran shrugged and walked away. Whether he liked it or not, he had a job to do. He crossed the street and continued on 'til he came to one of Moffet's toughest competitors. He paused at the window, looking at the pearl necklace displayed on a black velvet background. Cheap, too cheap! Something was out of focus there. He pushed through the clear, glass door and walked over to where a clerk stood behind the showcase.

"May I help you, sir?" the clerk eyed Gilleran as he spoke, appraising his appearance, trying to decide if the newcomer was a potential customer or not.

"I'm interested in your pearls," Gilleran said, looking at the necklace in the case. "I want to see your entire selection. . . ." The clerk picked up the necklace he was examining and held it closer for the detective's examination. Gilleran shook his head.

"That's all we have completed, sir!" the clerk was exasperated but he covered his feelings. "I can show you one more necklace that's being completed if you'd like to see it?" When Gilleran nodded, the clerk turned and went into the workroom in back.

He reappeared in a few moments with an incomplete pearl necklace on a cloth-covered work tray. Gilleran whistled when he saw the size of the pearls. He took the tray and held it so the light showed every detail on the cloth. He shook his head regretfully. They were genuine but . . . wait a minute! The pearls were just being drilled. He knew that from the fact that some were drilled and some weren't. He bent closer. One pearl just drilled had flecks of steel around the tiny opening. He nodded and handed the tray back to the clerk.

"I think that's the piece I want to see," he told the clerk. "If you'll hold it for me, I'll be back in a little while!" He nodded to the clerk and walked out of the store.

Gilleran hurried across the street and a moment later entered the office where Moffet sat, head in his hands. He looked up and when he saw Gilleran's happy grin he groaned and put his head back in his hand.

"Go away! I hate happy people!" He lifted his head reluctantly long enough to ask, "Why are you back? Did you learn anything?"

"Let me ask the questions, boss," Gilleran cut him short. "How are cultured pearls made? Are they as valuable as real pearls?"

"First, they *are* real pearls. Second, whoever sells cultured pearls has to advertise them as such! And cultured pearls are *not* worth nearly as much as the uncultured variety! Why? Do you think . . . ?" Moffet looked up, a gleam of hope lighting his gloomy countenance.

"I'll be back right away!" Gilleran ignored his question and strode out of the office. He turned left as he left the jewelry store and entered an electrical appliance shop a short distance away.

"Hello, Gilleran!" the manager shook hands with the burly detective. "What's on your mind?" Gilleran muttered a few hasty words in his ear and the manager laughed and nodded. "I'll fix you up. I don't know what you have in mind, but I'll do my best! Come on back to the workshop."

. . . "Well, what is it?" Moffet stared at the bulky bundle on his desk. It was a half hour later and Gilleran was back in Moffet's office.

"Take a walk with me down to Carter's, Mr. Moffet. I think it'll do some good!" Moffet nodded his head wearily. Anything was better than sitting behind that desk thinking about all the money he was losing.

Gilleran and Moffet walked down the street together, Moffet's legs weakening in his effort to keep pace with his big companion.

"Mr. Moffet, how do they make cultured pearls? I have a pretty good idea but I want to make sure." Gilleran glanced down at the little jeweler, waiting for the answer.

"Any foreign substance introduced into an oyster will cause a pearl to form. Various things have been tried," Moffet replied, glancing curiously at Gilleran's package. "Why? Has that got anything to do with the gadget you got there?"

"We'll see. Here we are now," Gilleran said, turning into the jewelry store he had visited earlier. The same clerk came forward as they stepped up to the counter.

"That necklace is finished, sir," he said, addressing Gilleran. "Would you care to look at it?" At Gilleran's nod of assent he reached into the case and drew forth the gleaming pearls.

Moffet took the pearls from the clerk's hand. At Gilleran's nod he brought out his check-book. He looked inquiringly at the clerk and the clerk cleared his throat and said hoarsely, "Six thousand dollars!"

Moffet nodded and scrawled quick figures in his check book. The clerk took the check and started nervously at the sight of the scrawled signature.

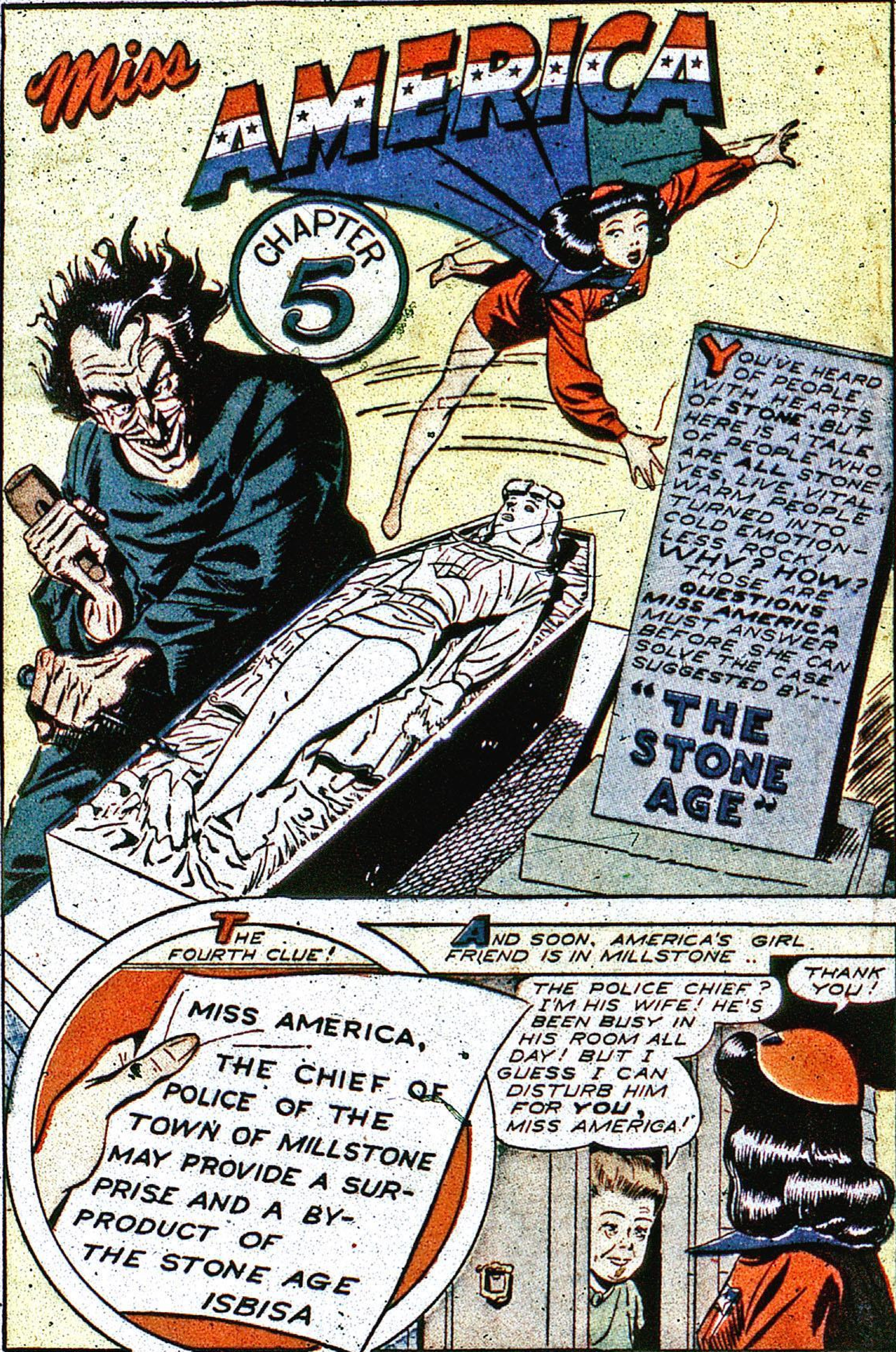
Gilleran took the necklace and broke the strands in his powerful hands. He poured the pearls on to the velvet tray on the showcase and unwrapped his bundle. The store manager joined the little audience as Gilleran turned a switch on the gadget. A meter swung far over and Gilleran took a steel plate connected to the machine by two thick, heavily insulated wires and placed them near the pearls.

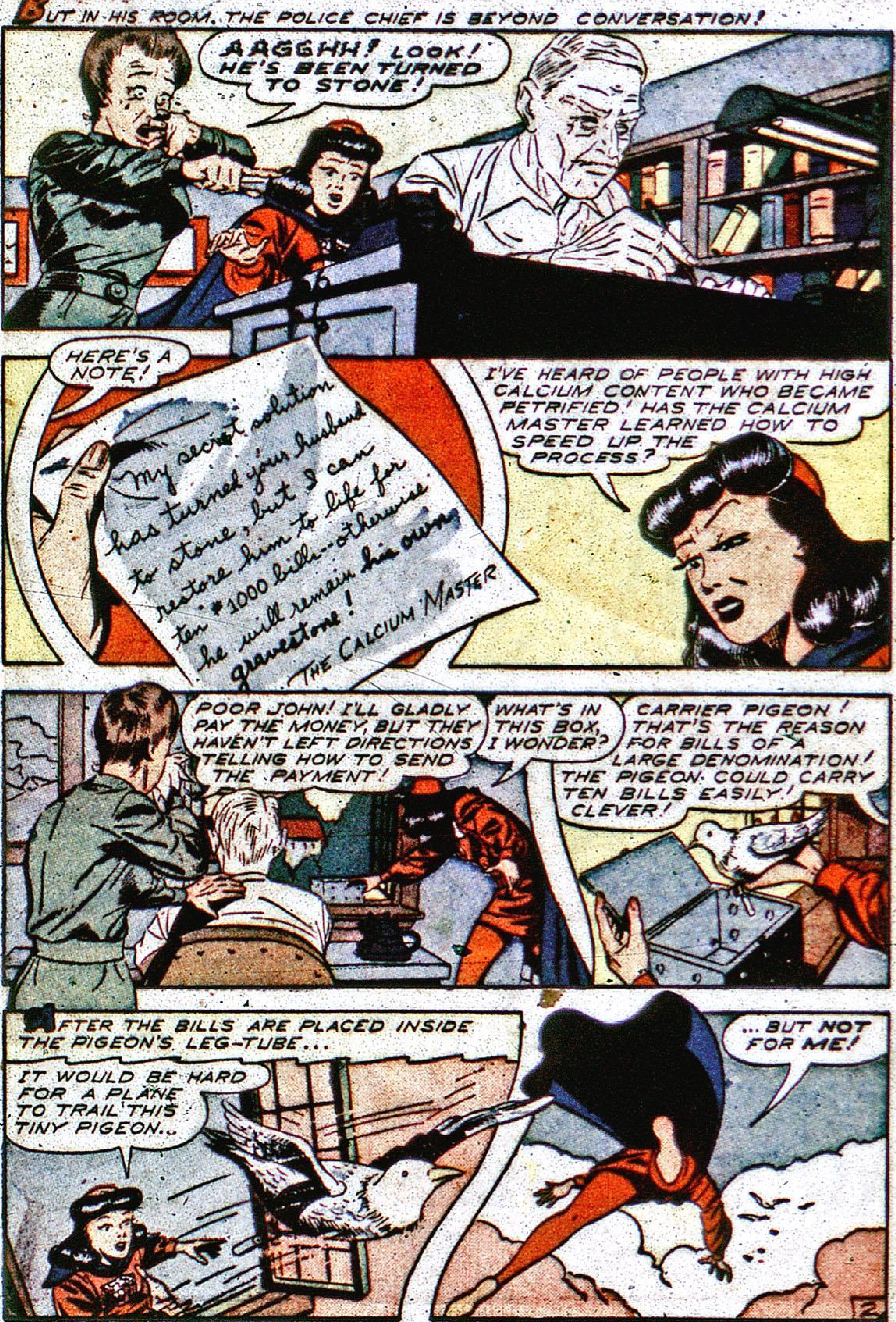
Nothing happened until Gilleran placed the plate nearer, then the pearls flew to the shiny underside of the plate!

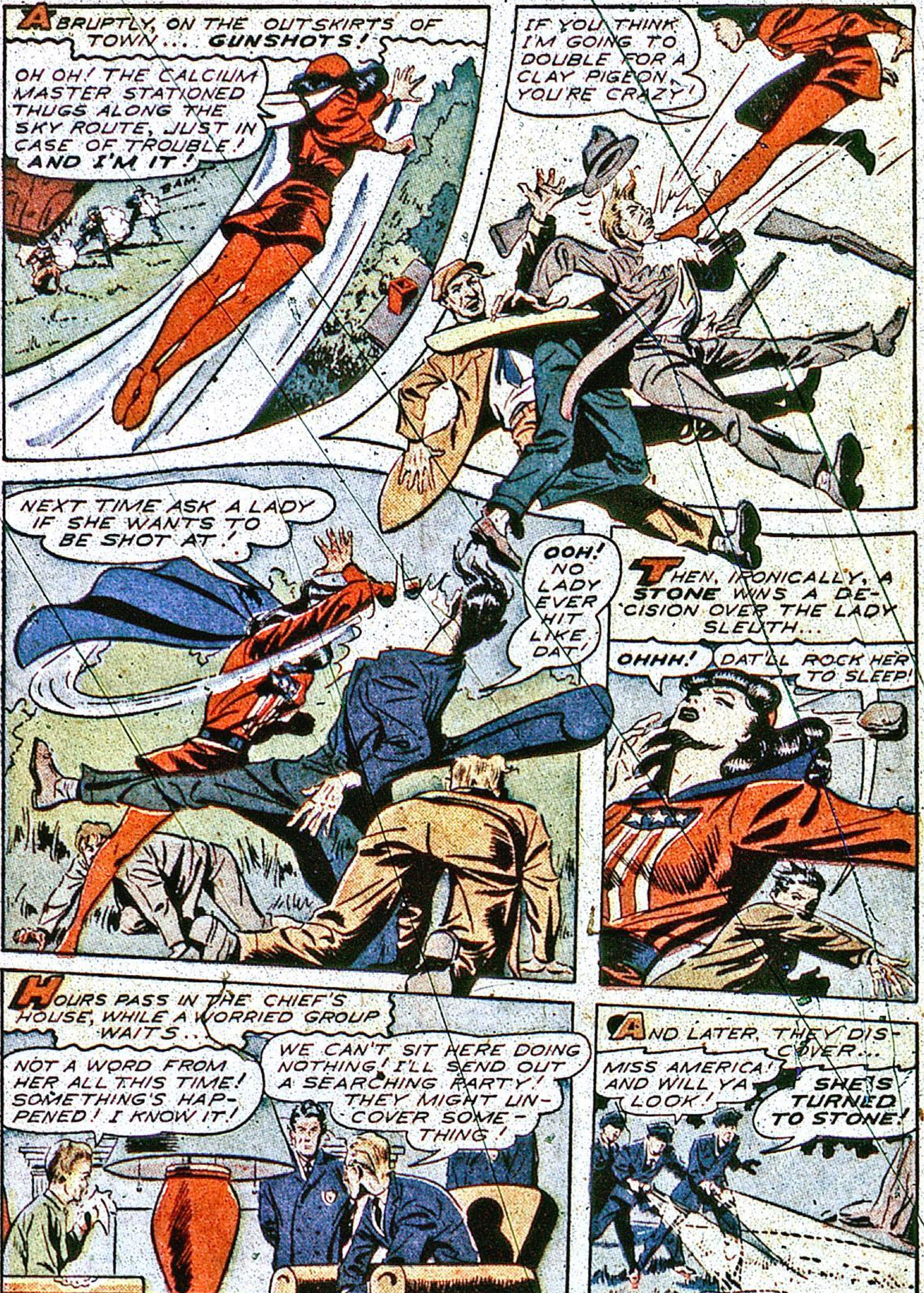
"See? Educated pearls!" Gilleran chuckled at the amazement on Moffet's face. "These are cultured pearls with an iron filling core! Pretty smart, huh?" The manager paled and backed away. Moffet laughed as he turned to him.

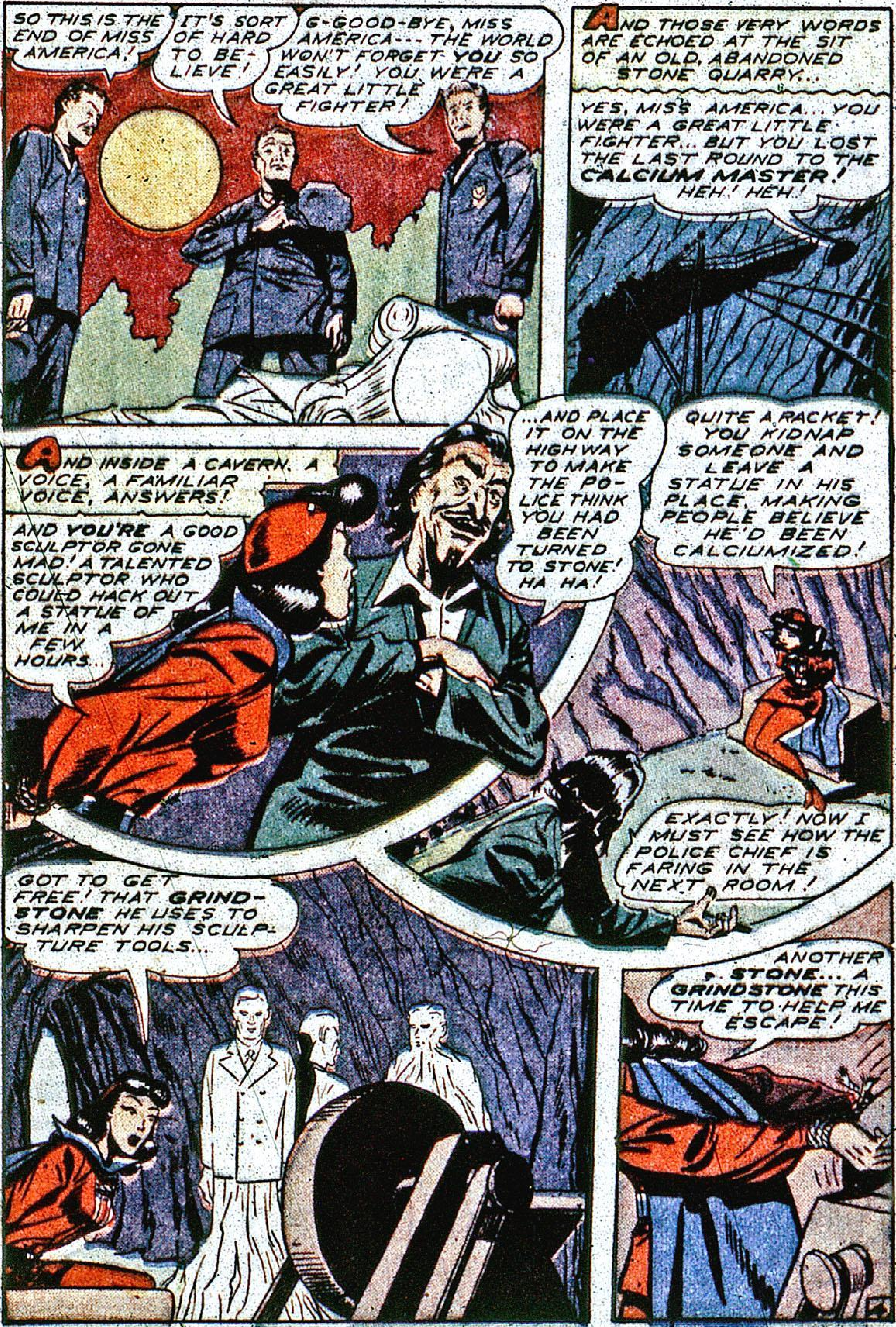
"Pretty smart, is right! I couldn't compete on that basis; but now you'll advertise that your pearls are cultured, I'll see to that!" The manager nodded heavily and Moffet plucked a pearl off the electromagnet in Gilleran's hand. "Educated pearls! Gilleran, you get a raise! Those are pearls of wisdom!"

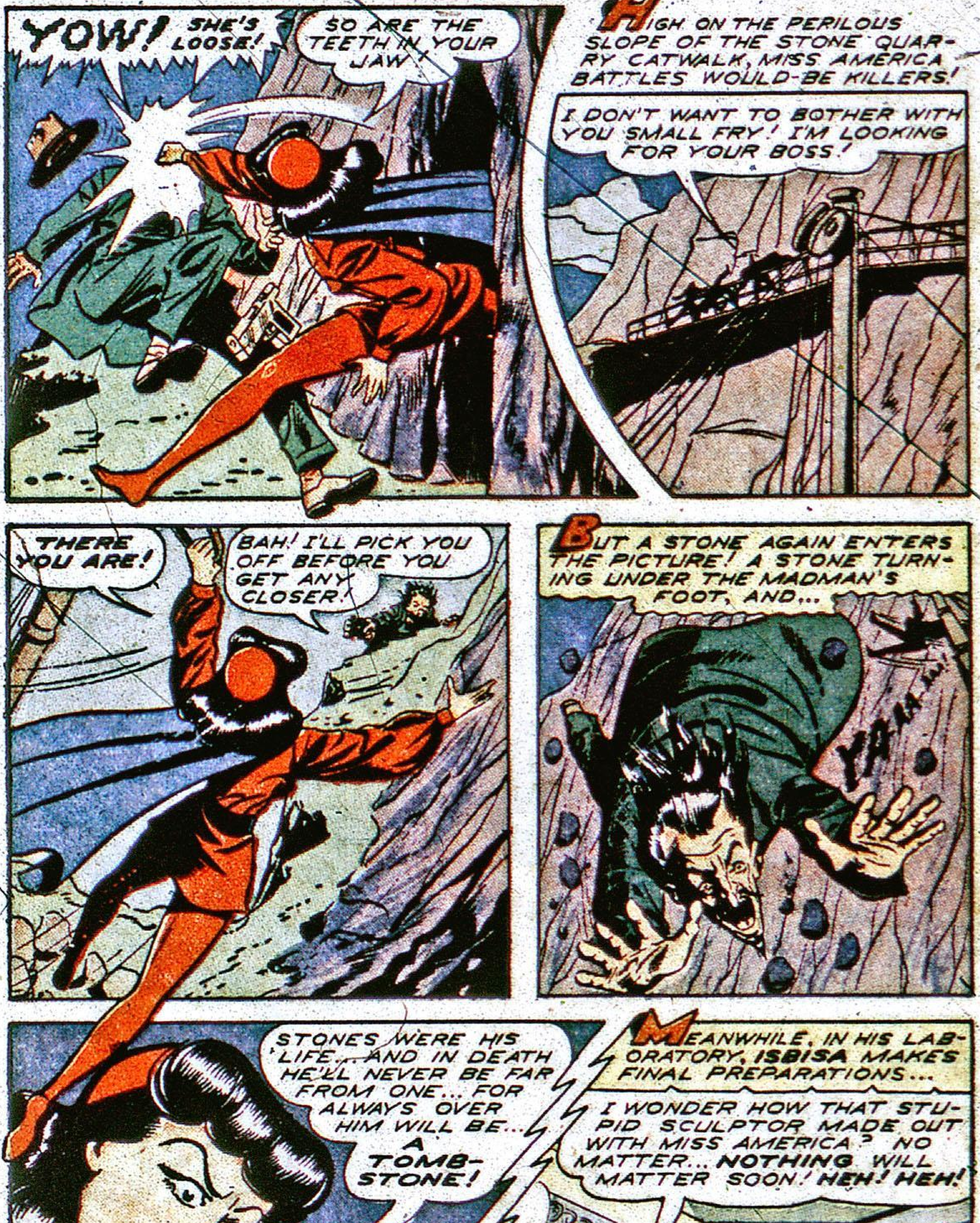
THE END

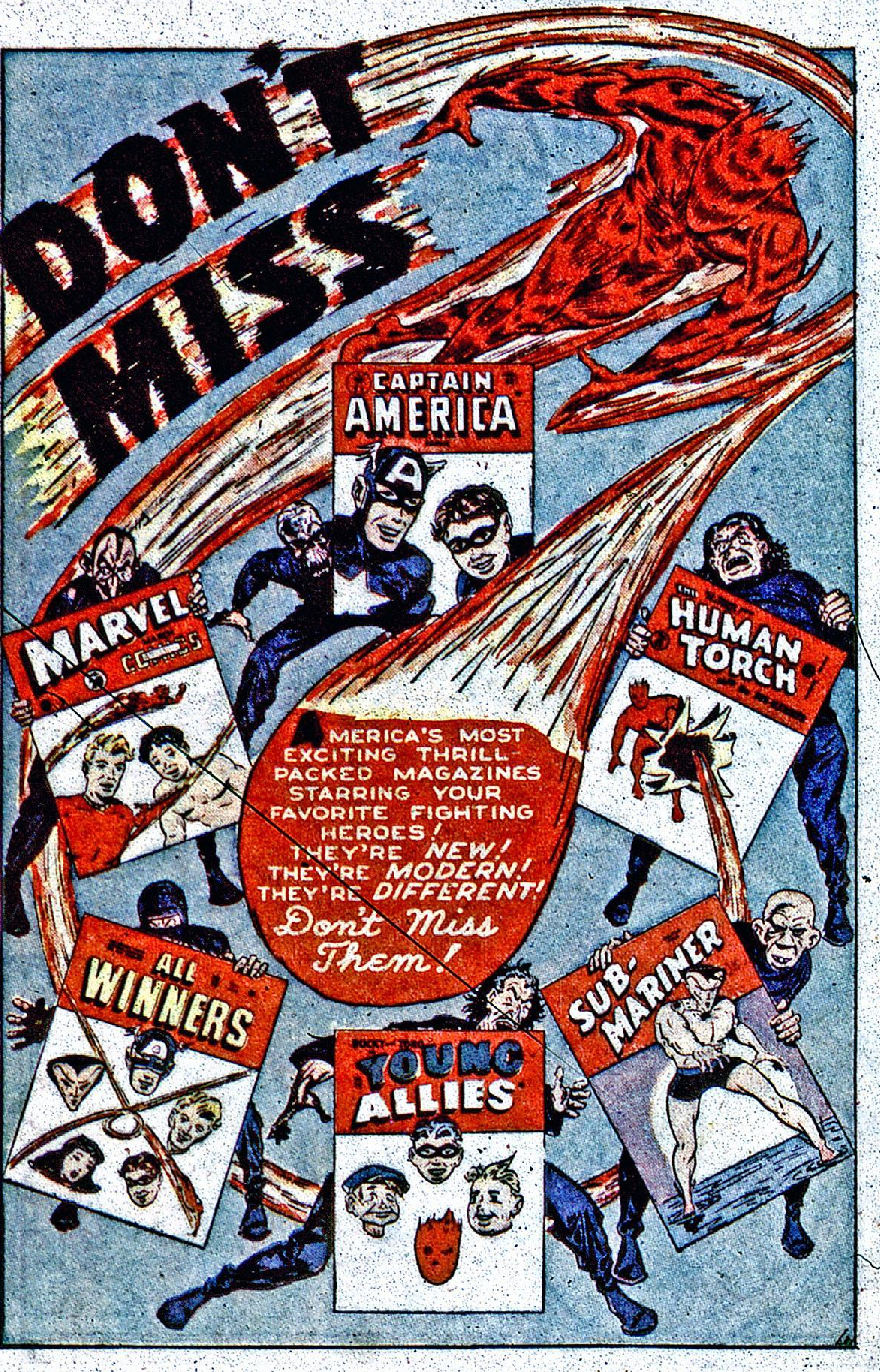

Miss AMERICA
CHAPTER 5
YOU'VE HEARD OF PEOPLE WITH HEARTS OF STONE, BUT HERE IS A TALE OF PEOPLE WHO ARE ALL STONE! YES, LIVE, VITAL, WARM PEOPLE TURNED INTO COLD EMOTIONLESS ROCK! WHY? HOW? THOSE ARE QUESTIONS MISS AMERICA MUST ANSWER BEFORE SHE CAN SOLVE THE CASE SUGGESTED BY--- "THE STONE AGE"
THE FOURTH CLUE!
MISS AMERICA, THE CHIEF OF POLICE OF THE TOWN OF MILLSTONE MAY PROVIDE A SURPRISE AND A BY-PRODUCT OF THE STONE AGE ISBISA
AND SOON, AMERICA'S GIRL FRIEND IS IN MILLSTONE ..
THE POLICE CHIEF? I'M HIS WIFE! HE'S BEEN BUSY IN HIS ROOM ALL DAY! BUT I GUESS I CAN DISTURB HIM FOR YOU, MISS AMERICA!
THANK YOU!


BUT IN HIS ROOM, THE POLICE CHIEF IS BEYOND CONVERSATION!
ARGGHH! LOOK! HE'S BEEN TURNED TO STONE!
HERE'S A NOTE!
My secret solution has turned your husband to stone, but I can restore him to life for ten $1000 bills—otherwise he will remain his own gravestone!
THE CALCIUM MASTER
I'VE HEARD OF PEOPLE WITH HIGH CALCIUM CONTENT WHO BECAME PETRIFIED! HAS THE CALCIUM MASTER LEARNED HOW TO SPEED UP THE PROCESS?
POOR JOHN! I'LL GLADLY PAY THE MONEY, BUT THEY HAVEN'T LEFT DIRECTIONS TELLING HOW TO SEND THE PAYMENT!
WHAT'S IN THIS BOX, I WONDER?
CARRIER PIGEON! THAT'S THE REASON FOR BILLS OF A LARGE DENOMINATION! THE PIGEON COULD CARRY TEN BILLS EASILY! CLEVER!
AFTER THE BILLS ARE PLACED INSIDE THE PIGEON'S LEG-TUBE...
IT WOULD BE HARD FOR A PLANE TO TRAIL THIS TINY PIGEON...
...BUT NOT FOR ME!

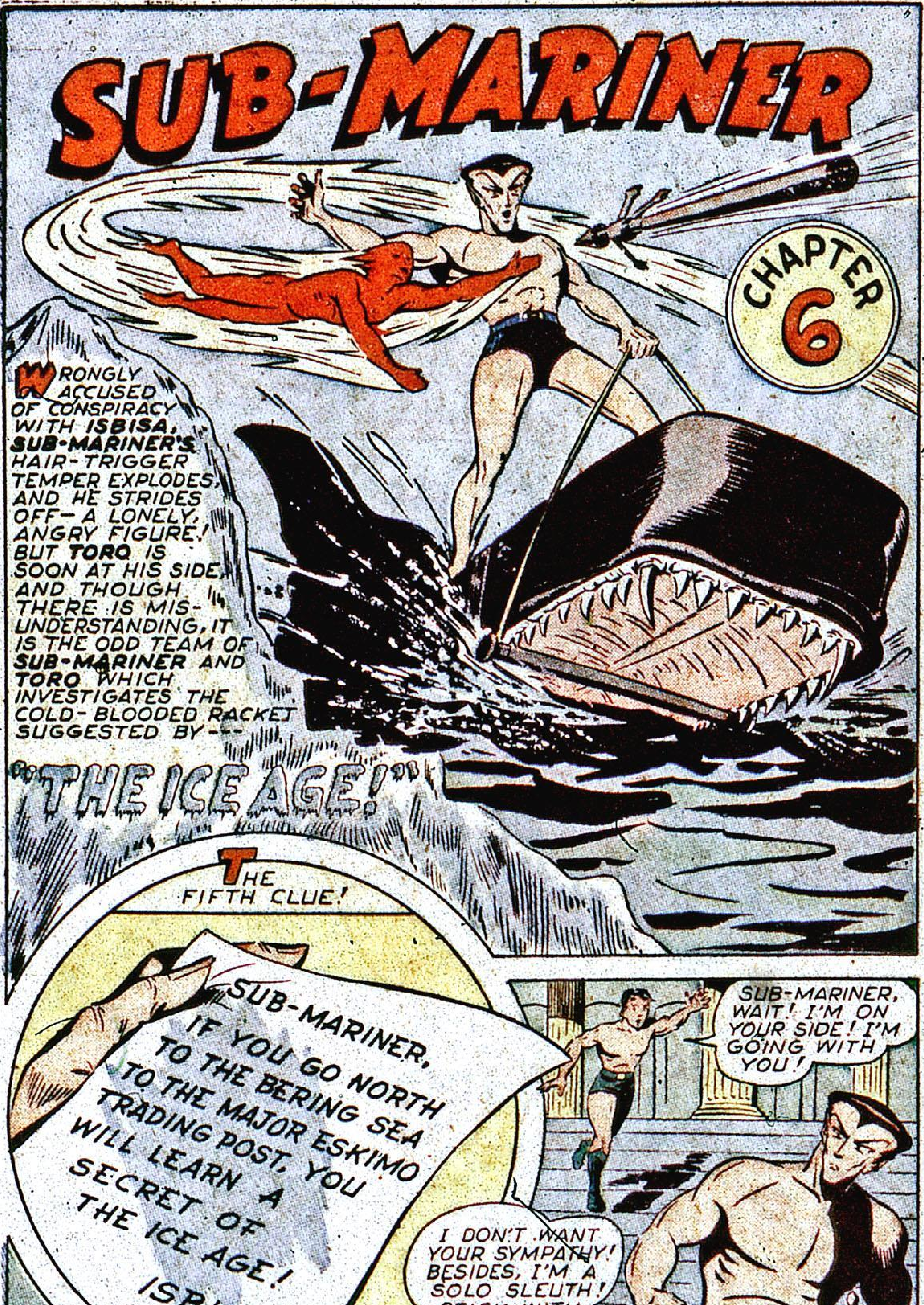

ABRUPTLY, ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF TOWN... GUNSHOTS!
OH OH! THE CALCIUM MASTER STATIONED THUGS ALONG THE SKY ROUTE, JUST IN CASE OF TROUBLE! AND I'M IT!
BAM!
IF YOU THINK I'M GOING TO DOUBLE FOR A CLAY PIGEON, YOU'RE CRAZY!
NEXT TIME ASK A LADY IF SHE WANTS TO BE SHOT AT!
OOH! NO LADY EVER HIT LIKE DAT!
THEN, IRONICALLY, A STONE WINS A DECISION OVER THE LADY SLEUTH...
OHHH!
DAT'LL ROCK HER TO SLEEP!
HOURS PASS IN THE CHIEF'S HOUSE, WHILE A WORRIED GROUP WAITS...
NOT A WORD FROM HER ALL THIS TIME! SOMETHING'S HAPPENED! I KNOW IT!
WE CAN'T SIT HERE DOING NOTHING! I'LL SEND OUT A SEARCHING PARTY! THEY MIGHT UNCOVER SOMETHING!
AND LATER, THEY DISCOVER...
MISS AMERICA! AND WILL YA LOOK!
SHE'S TURNED TO STONE!

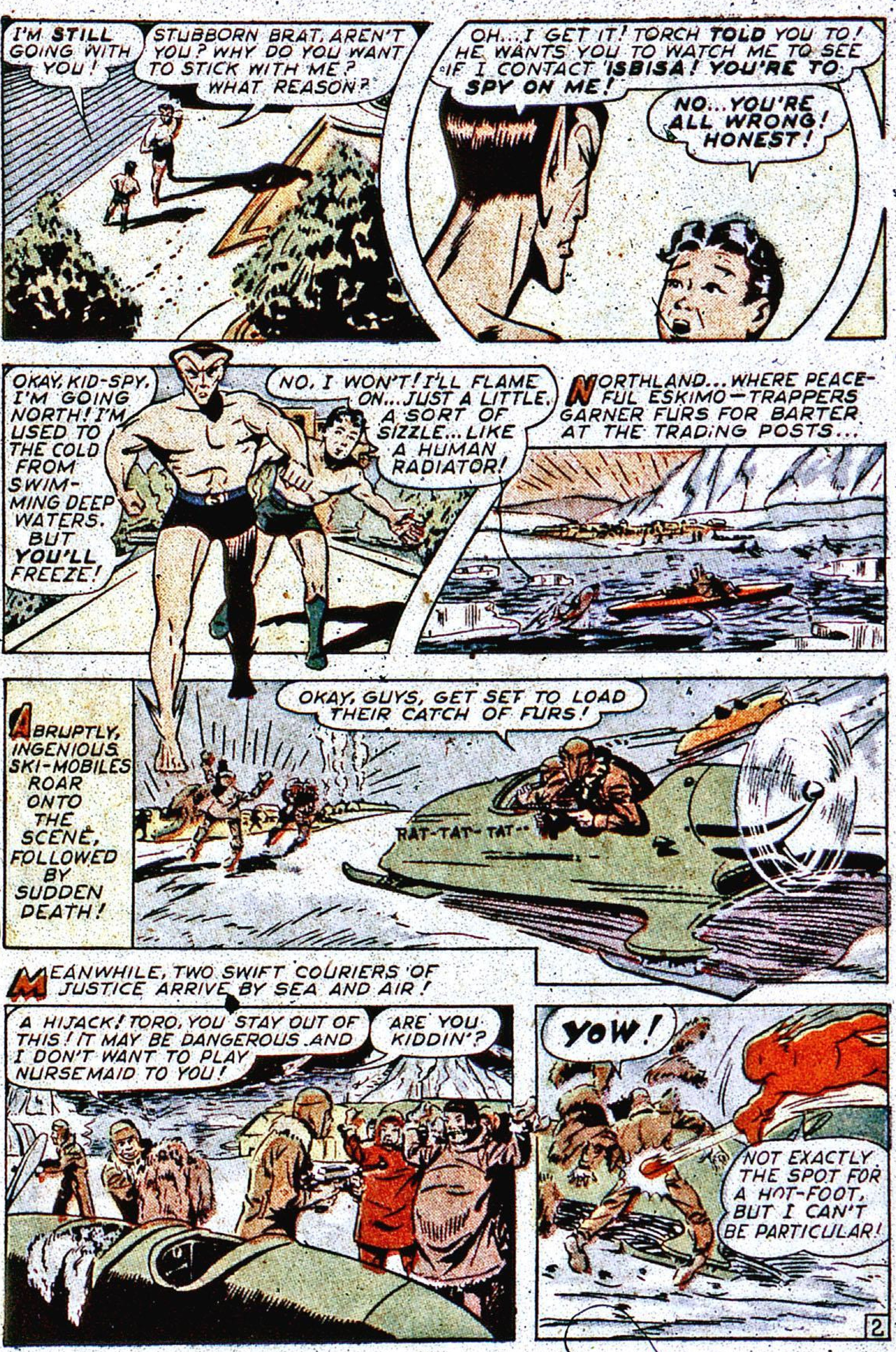

SO THIS IS THE END OF MISS AMERICA!
IT'S SORT OF HARD TO BELIEVE!
G-GOOD-BYE, MISS AMERICA--- THE WORLD WON'T FORGET **YOU** SO EASILY! YOU WERE A GREAT LITTLE FIGHTER!
AND THOSE VERY WORDS ARE ECHOED AT THE SIT OF AN OLD, ABANDONED STONE QUARRY...
YES, MISS AMERICA... YOU WERE A GREAT LITTLE FIGHTER... BUT YOU LOST THE LAST ROUND TO THE **CALCIUM MASTER!** HEH! HEH!
AND INSIDE A CAVERN, A VOICE, A FAMILIAR VOICE, ANSWERS!
AND **YOU'RE** A GOOD SCULPTOR GONE MAD! A TALENTED SCULPTOR WHO COULD HACK OUT A STATUE OF ME IN A FEW HOURS...
...AND PLACE IT ON THE HIGHWAY TO MAKE THE POLICE THINK YOU HAD BEEN TURNED TO STONE! HA HA!
QUITE A RACKET! YOU KIDNAP SOMEONE AND LEAVE A STATUE IN HIS PLACE, MAKING PEOPLE BELIEVE HE'D BEEN CALCIUMIZED!
EXACTLY! NOW I MUST SEE HOW THE POLICE CHIEF IS FARING IN THE NEXT ROOM!
GOT TO GET FREE! THAT **GRINDSTONE** HE USES TO SHARPEN HIS SCULPTURE TOOLS...
ANOTHER **STONE**... A **GRINDSTONE** THIS TIME TO HELP ME ESCAPE!

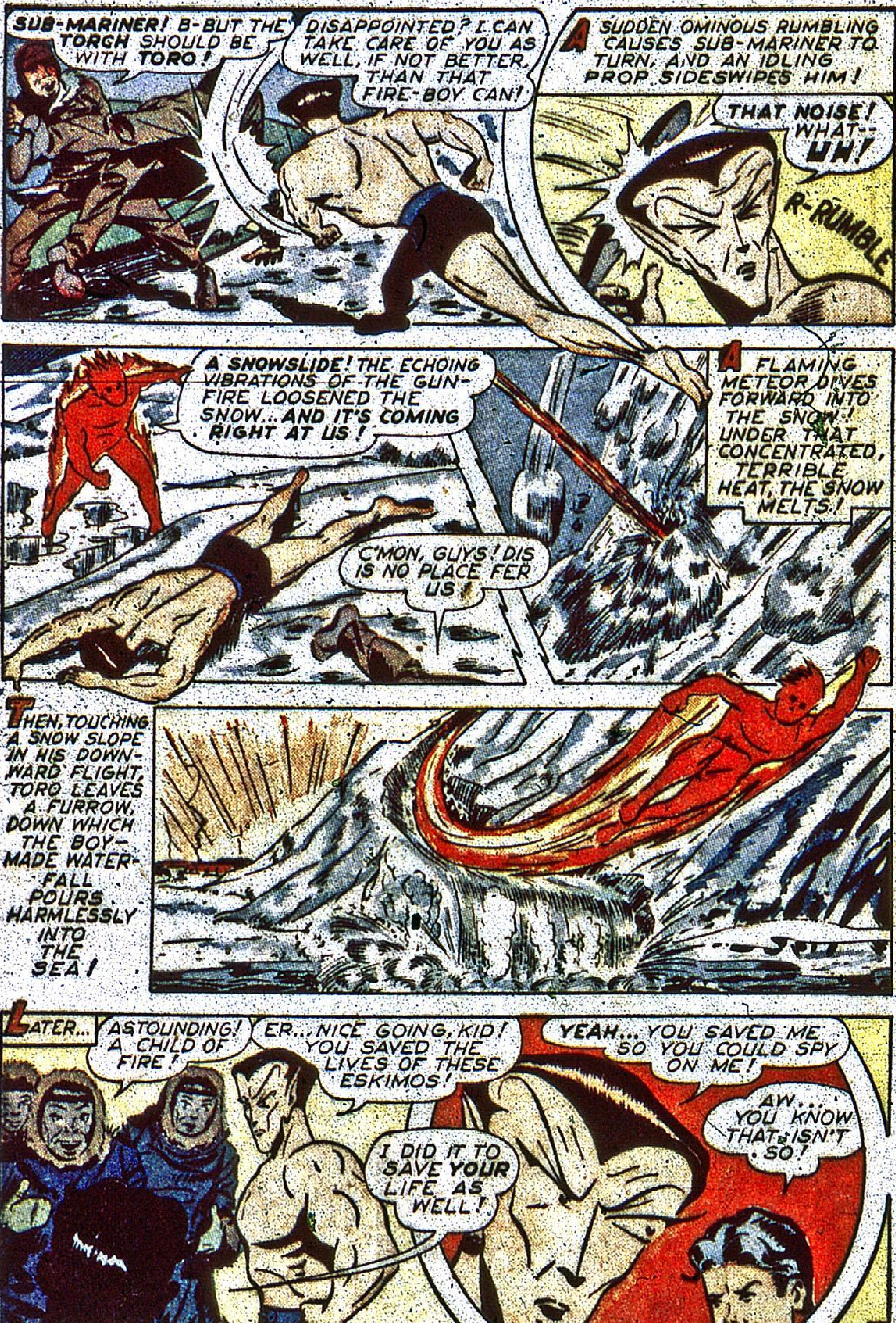

YOW! SHE'S LOOSE!
SO ARE THE TEETH IN YOUR JAW!
HIGH ON THE PERILOUS SLOPE OF THE STONE QUARRY CATWALK, MISS AMERICA BATTLES WOULD-BE KILLERS!
I DON'T WANT TO BOTHER WITH YOU SMALL FRY! I'M LOOKING FOR YOUR BOSS!
THERE YOU ARE!
BAH! I'LL PICK YOU OFF BEFORE YOU GET ANY CLOSER!
BUT A STONE AGAIN ENTERS THE PICTURE! A STONE TURNING UNDER THE MADMAN'S FOOT, AND...
YAAAAAA
STONES WERE HIS LIFE... AND IN DEATH HE'LL NEVER BE FAR FROM ONE... FOR ALWAYS OVER HIM WILL BE... A TOMBSTONE!
MEANWHILE, IN HIS LABORATORY, ISBISA MAKES FINAL PREPARATIONS...
I WONDER HOW THAT STUPID SCULPTOR MADE OUT WITH MISS AMERICA? NO MATTER... NOTHING WILL MATTER SOON! HEH! HEH!

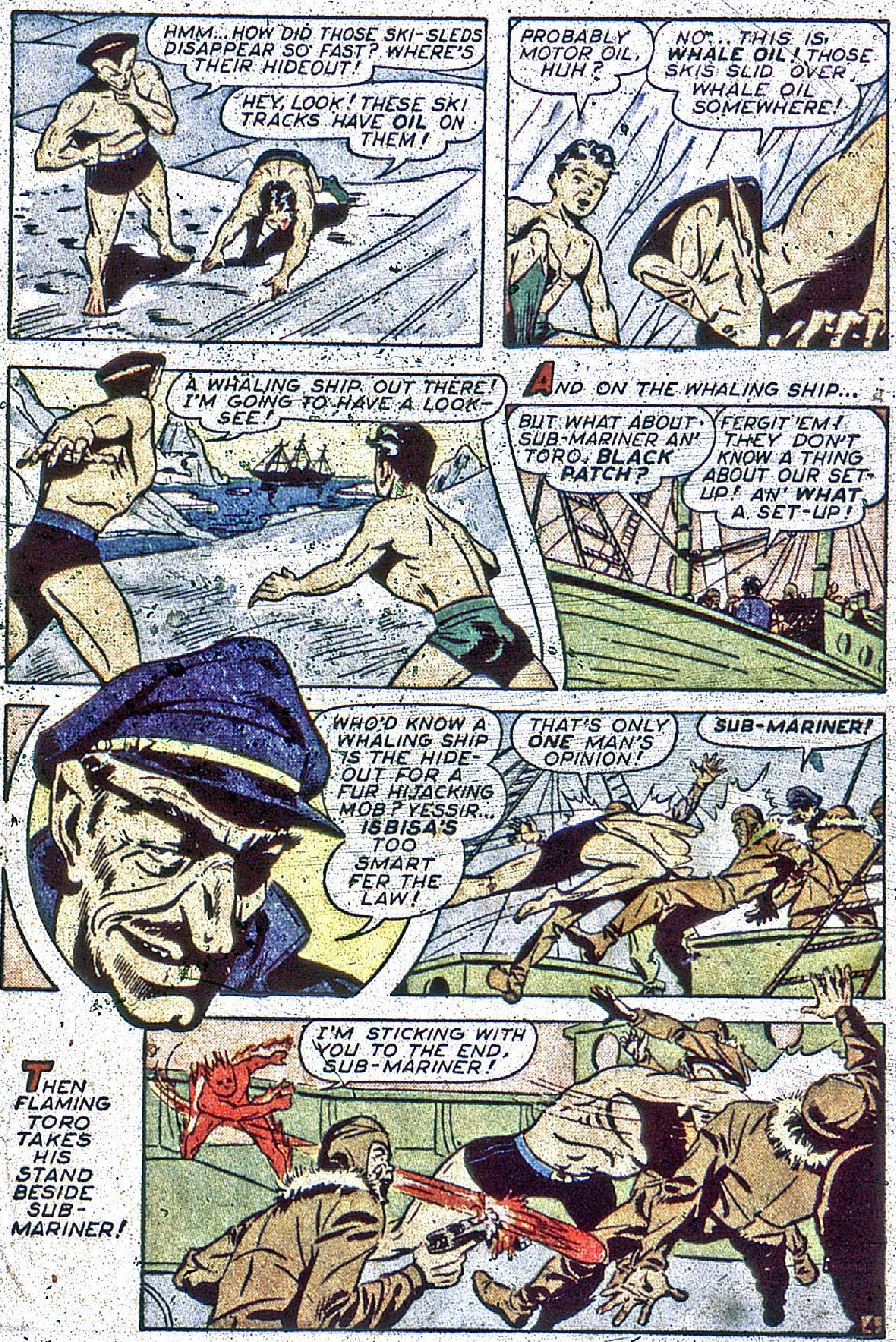

DON'T MISS
CAPTAIN AMERICA
MARVEL COMICS
HUMAN TORCH
AMERICA'S MOST EXCITING THRILL-PACKED MAGAZINES STARRING YOUR FAVORITE FIGHTING HEROES! THEY'RE NEW! THEY'RE MODERN! THEY'RE DIFFERENT! Don't Miss Them!
ALL WINNERS
SUB-MARINER
YOUNG ALLIES

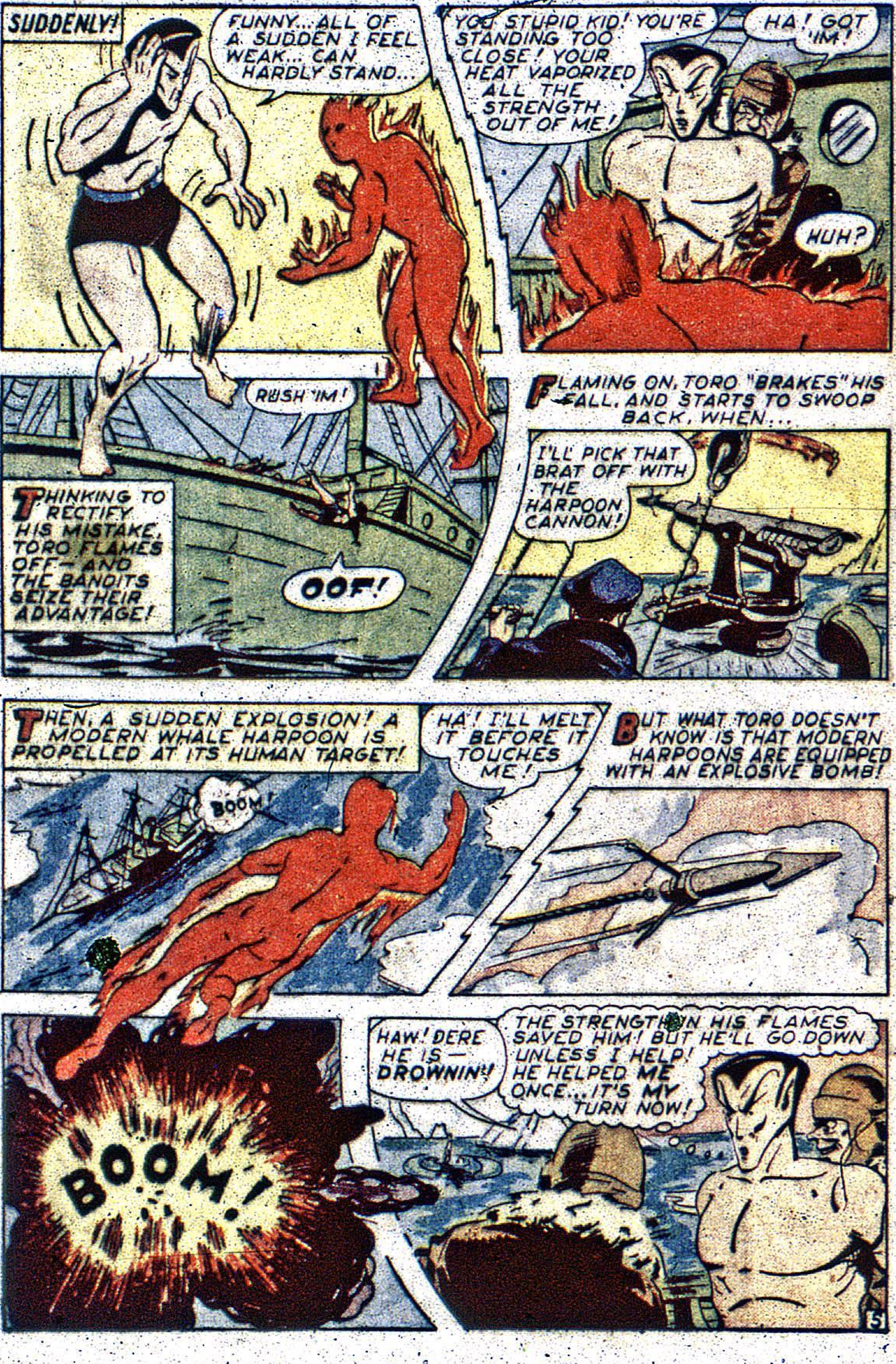
SUB-MARINER

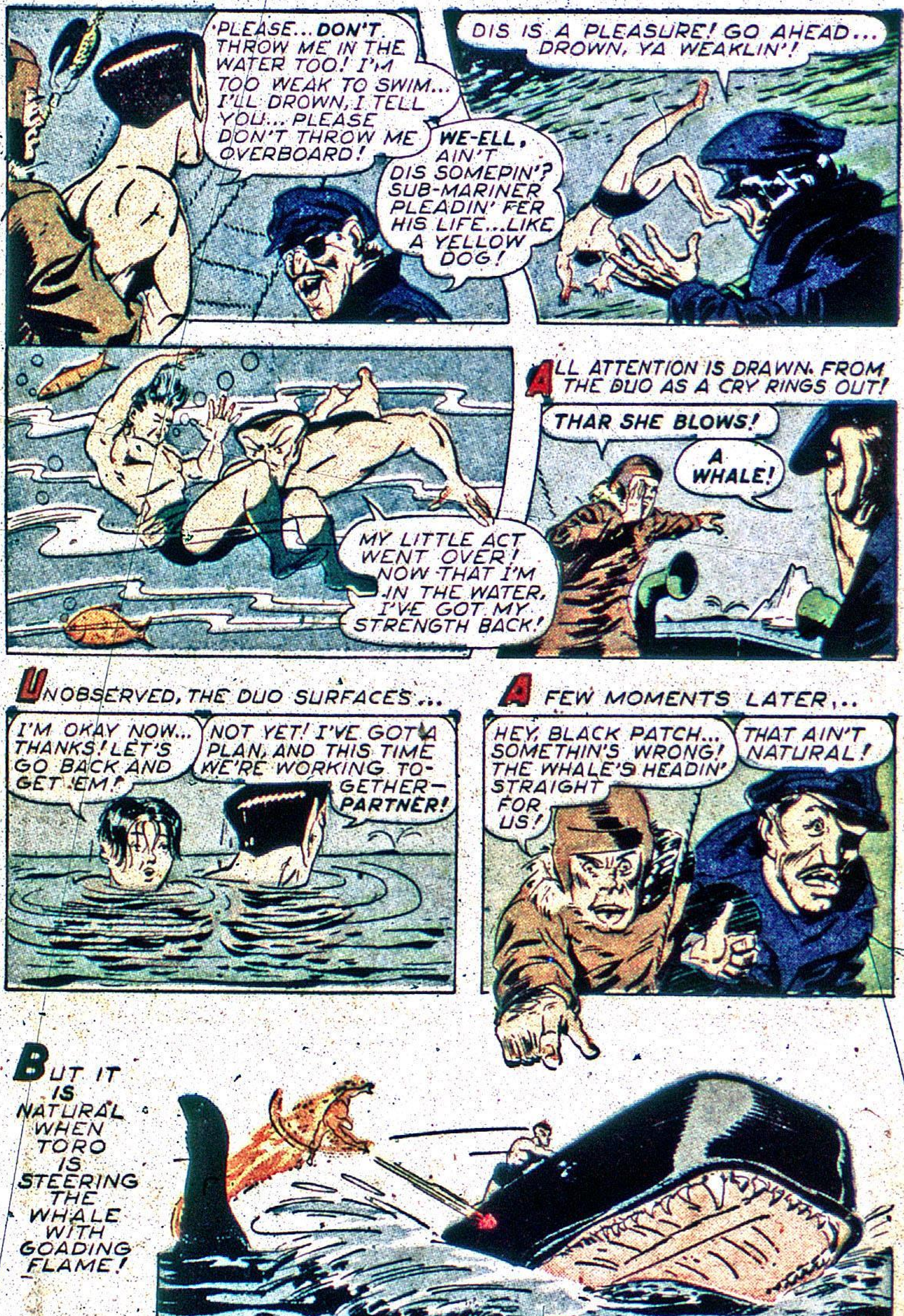

CHAPTER 6
WRONGLY ACCUSED OF CONSPIRACY WITH ISBISA, SUB-MARINER'S HAIR-TRIGGER TEMPER EXPLODES, AND HE STRIDES OFF— A LONELY, ANGRY FIGURE! BUT TORO IS SOON AT HIS SIDE, AND THOUGH THERE IS MISUNDERSTANDING, IT IS THE ODD TEAM OF SUB-MARINER AND TORO WHICH INVESTIGATES THE COLD-BLOODED RACKET SUGGESTED BY---
"THE ICE AGE!"
THE FIFTH CLUE!
SUB-MARINER, IF YOU GO NORTH TO THE BERING SEA TO THE MAJOR ESKIMO TRADING POST, YOU WILL LEARN A SECRET OF THE ICE AGE! ISBISA
SUB-MARINER, WAIT! I'M ON YOUR SIDE! I'M GOING WITH YOU!
I DON'T WANT YOUR SYMPATHY! BESIDES, I'M A SOLO SLEUTH! STICK WITH YOUR OWN PARTNER!

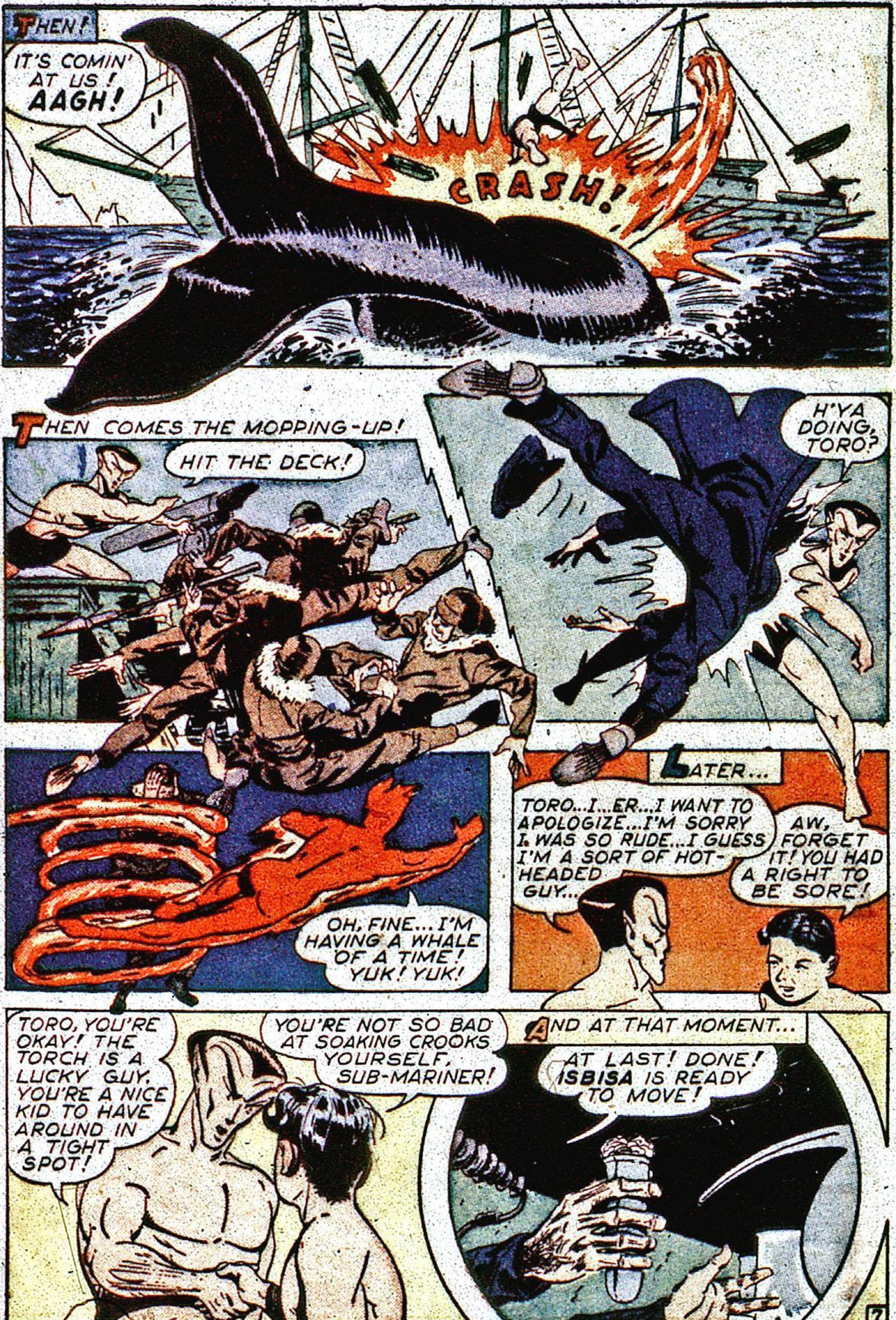

I'M STILL GOING WITH YOU!
STUBBORN BRAT, AREN'T YOU? WHY DO YOU WANT TO STICK WITH ME? WHAT REASON?
OH... I GET IT! TORCH TOLD YOU TO! HE WANTS YOU TO WATCH ME TO SEE IF I CONTACT ISBISA! YOU'RE TO SPY ON ME!
NO... YOU'RE ALL WRONG! HONEST!
OKAY, KID-SPY, I'M GOING NORTH! I'M USED TO THE COLD FROM SWIMMING DEEP WATERS. BUT YOU'LL FREEZE!
NO, I WON'T! I'LL FLAME ON... JUST A LITTLE. A SORT OF SIZZLE... LIKE A HUMAN RADIATOR!
NORTHLAND... WHERE PEACEFUL ESKIMO-TRAPPERS GARNER FURS FOR BARTER AT THE TRADING POSTS...
ABRUPTLY, INGENIOUS SKI-MOBILES ROAR ONTO THE SCENE, FOLLOWED BY SUDDEN DEATH!
OKAY, GUYS, GET SET TO LOAD THEIR CATCH OF FURS!
RAT-TAT-TAT--
MEANWHILE, TWO SWIFT COURIERS OF JUSTICE ARRIVE BY SEA AND AIR!
A HIJACK! TORO, YOU STAY OUT OF THIS! IT MAY BE DANGEROUS AND I DON'T WANT TO PLAY NURSEMAID TO YOU!
ARE YOU KIDDIN'?
YOW!
NOT EXACTLY THE SPOT FOR A HOT-FOOT, BUT I CAN'T BE PARTICULAR!
2

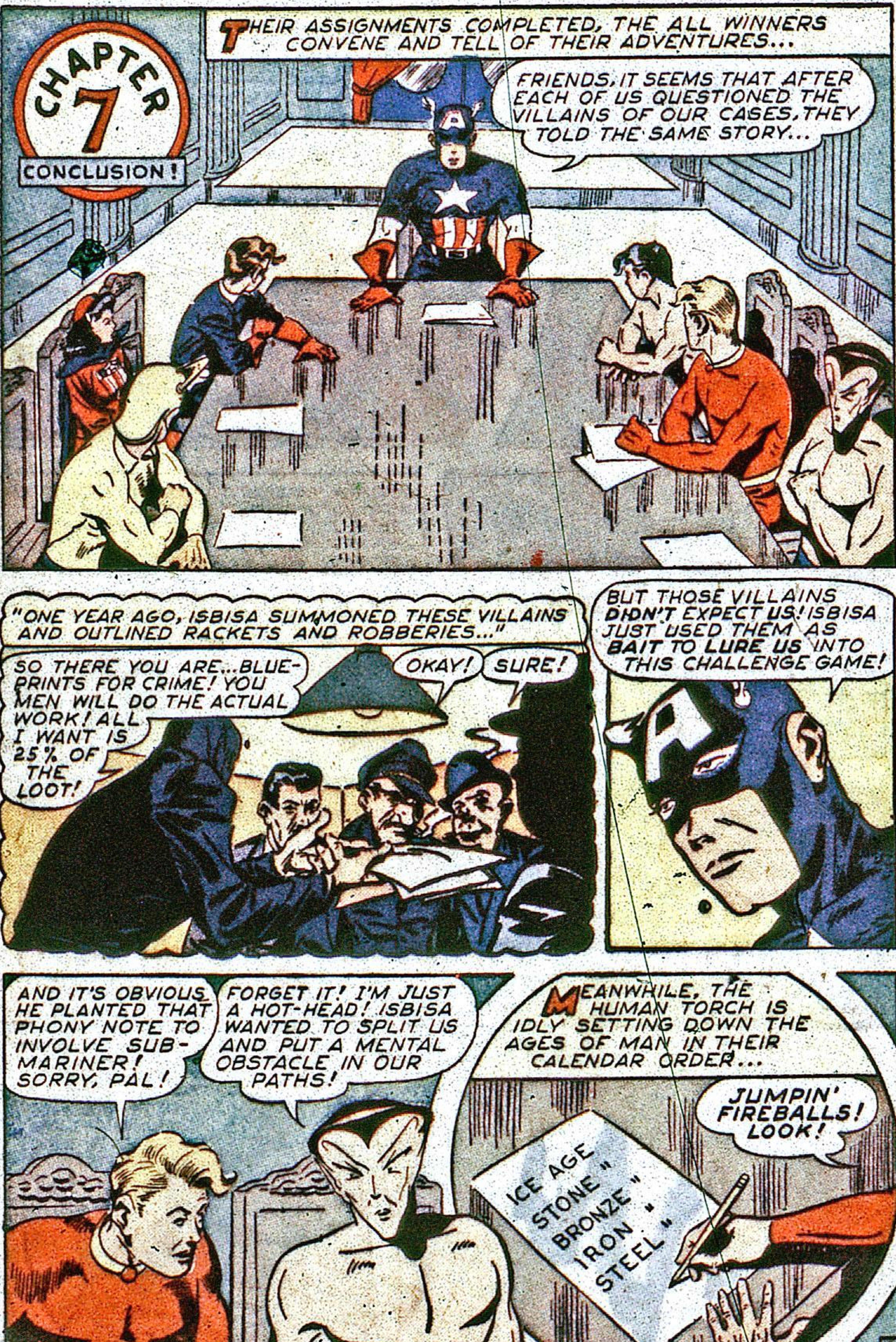

SUB-MARINER! B-BUT THE TORCH SHOULD BE WITH TORO!
DISAPPOINTED? I CAN TAKE CARE OF YOU AS WELL, IF NOT BETTER, THAN THAT FIRE-BOY CAN!
A SUDDEN OMINOUS RUMBLING CAUSES SUB-MARINER TO TURN, AND AN IDLING PROP SIDESWIPES HIM!
THAT NOISE! WHAT-- UH!
R-RUMBLE
A SNOWSLIDE! THE ECHOING VIBRATIONS OF THE GUNFIRE LOOSENED THE SNOW... AND IT'S COMING RIGHT AT US!
C'MON, GUYS! DIS IS NO PLACE FER US!
A FLAMING METEOR DIVES FORWARD INTO THE SNOW! UNDER THAT CONCENTRATED, TERRIBLE HEAT, THE SNOW MELTS!
THEN, TOUCHING A SNOW SLOPE IN HIS DOWNWARD FLIGHT, TORO LEAVES A FURROW, DOWN WHICH THE BOY-MADE WATERFALL POURS HARMLESSLY INTO THE SEA!
LATER...
ASTOUNDING! A CHILD OF FIRE!
ER... NICE GOING, KID! YOU SAVED THE LIVES OF THESE ESKIMOS!
YEAH... YOU SAVED ME SO YOU COULD SPY ON ME!
I DID IT TO SAVE YOUR LIFE AS WELL!
AW... YOU KNOW THAT ISN'T SO!

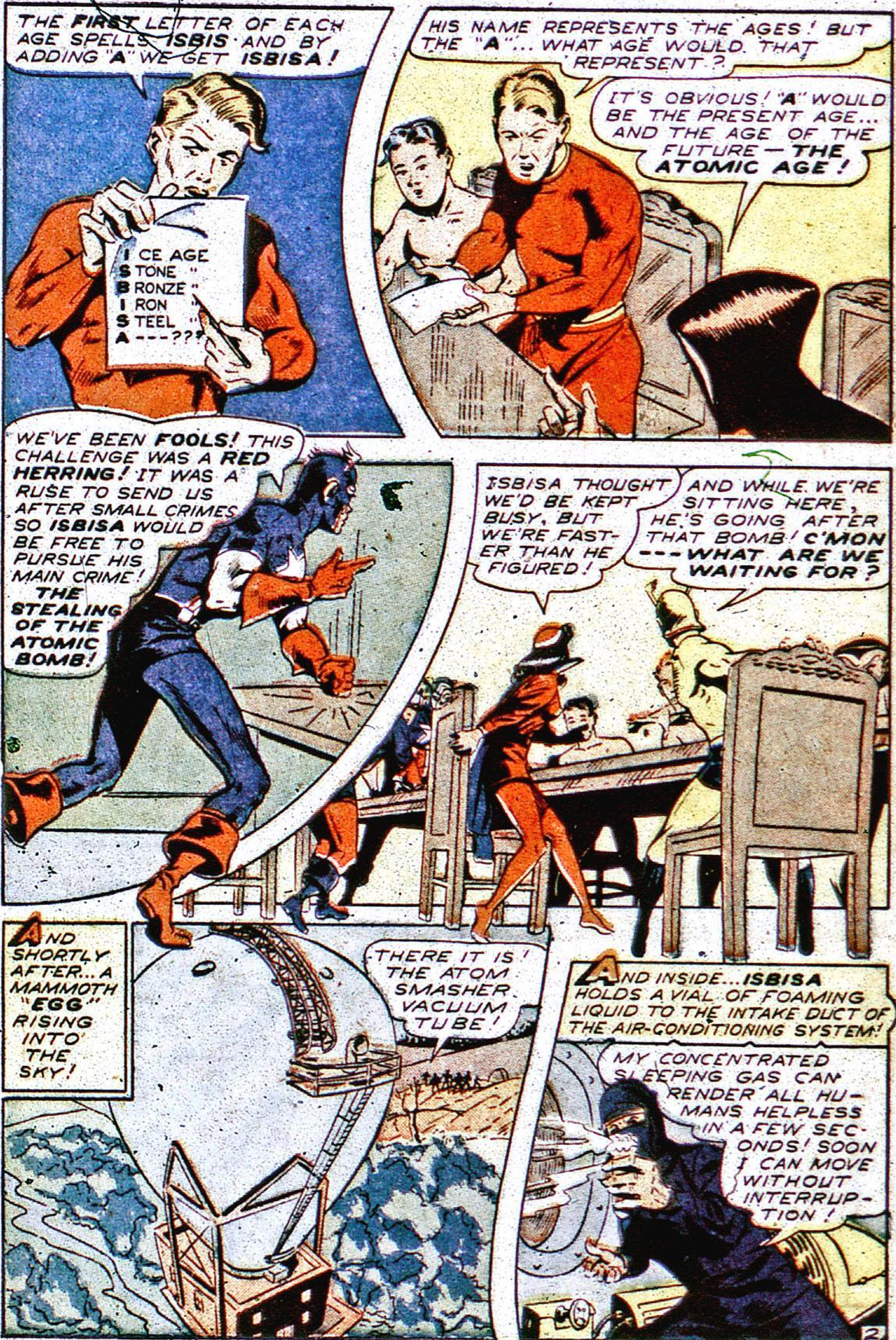

HMM...HOW DID THOSE SKI-SLEDS DISAPPEAR SO FAST? WHERE'S THEIR HIDEOUT!
HEY, LOOK! THESE SKI TRACKS HAVE **OIL** ON THEM!
PROBABLY MOTOR OIL, HUH?
NO...THIS IS **WHALE OIL!** THOSE SKIS SLID OVER WHALE OIL SOMEWHERE!
A WHALING SHIP OUT THERE! I'M GOING TO HAVE A LOOK-SEE!
AND ON THE WHALING SHIP...
BUT WHAT ABOUT SUB-MARINER AN' TORO, **BLACK PATCH?**
FERGIT 'EM! THEY DON'T KNOW A THING ABOUT OUR SET-UP! AN' **WHAT** A SET-UP!
WHO'D KNOW A WHALING SHIP IS THE HIDE-OUT FOR A FUR HIJACKING MOB? YESSIR... **ISBISA'S** TOO SMART FER THE LAW!
THAT'S ONLY **ONE** MAN'S OPINION!
SUB-MARINER!
THEN FLAMING TORO TAKES HIS STAND BESIDE SUB-MARINER!
I'M STICKING WITH YOU TO THE END, SUB-MARINER!
4

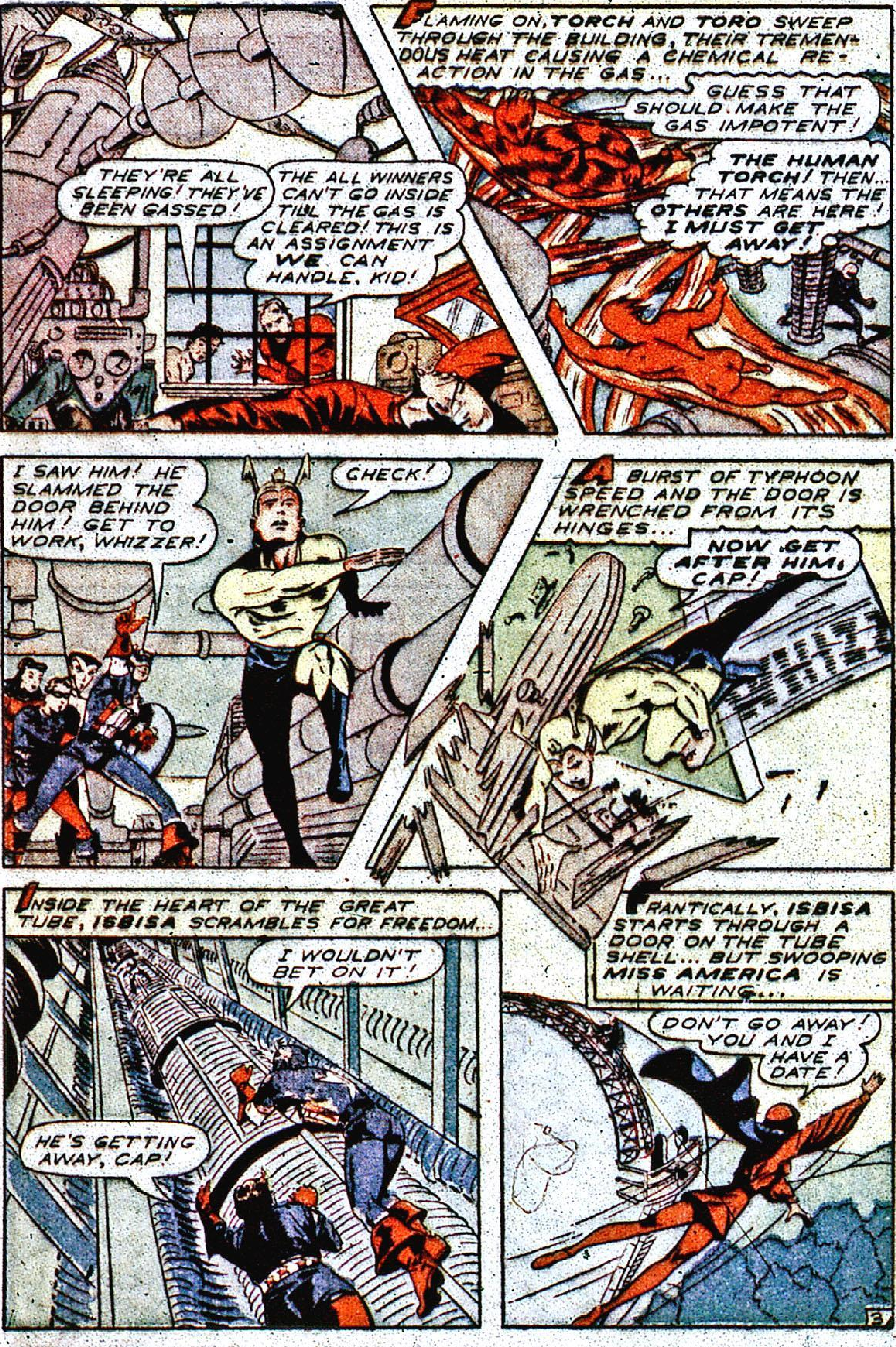

SUDDENLY!
FUNNY... ALL OF A SUDDEN I FEEL WEAK... CAN HARDLY STAND...
YOU STUPID KID! YOU'RE STANDING TOO CLOSE! YOUR HEAT VAPORIZED ALL THE STRENGTH OUT OF ME!
HA! GOT 'IM!
HUH?
RUSH 'IM!
THINKING TO RECTIFY HIS MISTAKE, TORO FLAMES OFF—AND THE BANDITS SEIZE THEIR ADVANTAGE!
OOF!
FLAMING ON, TORO "BRAKES" HIS FALL, AND STARTS TO SWOOP BACK, WHEN...
I'LL PICK THAT BRAT OFF WITH THE HARPOON CANNON!
THEN, A SUDDEN EXPLOSION! A MODERN WHALE HARPOON IS PROPELLED AT ITS HUMAN TARGET!
HA! I'LL MELT IT BEFORE IT TOUCHES ME!
BOOM!
BUT WHAT TORO DOESN'T KNOW IS THAT MODERN HARPOONS ARE EQUIPPED WITH AN EXPLOSIVE BOMB!
BOOM!
HAW! DERE HE IS—DROWNIN'!
THE STRENGTH IN HIS FLAMES SAVED HIM! BUT HE'LL GO DOWN UNLESS I HELP! HE HELPED ME ONCE...IT'S MY TURN NOW!

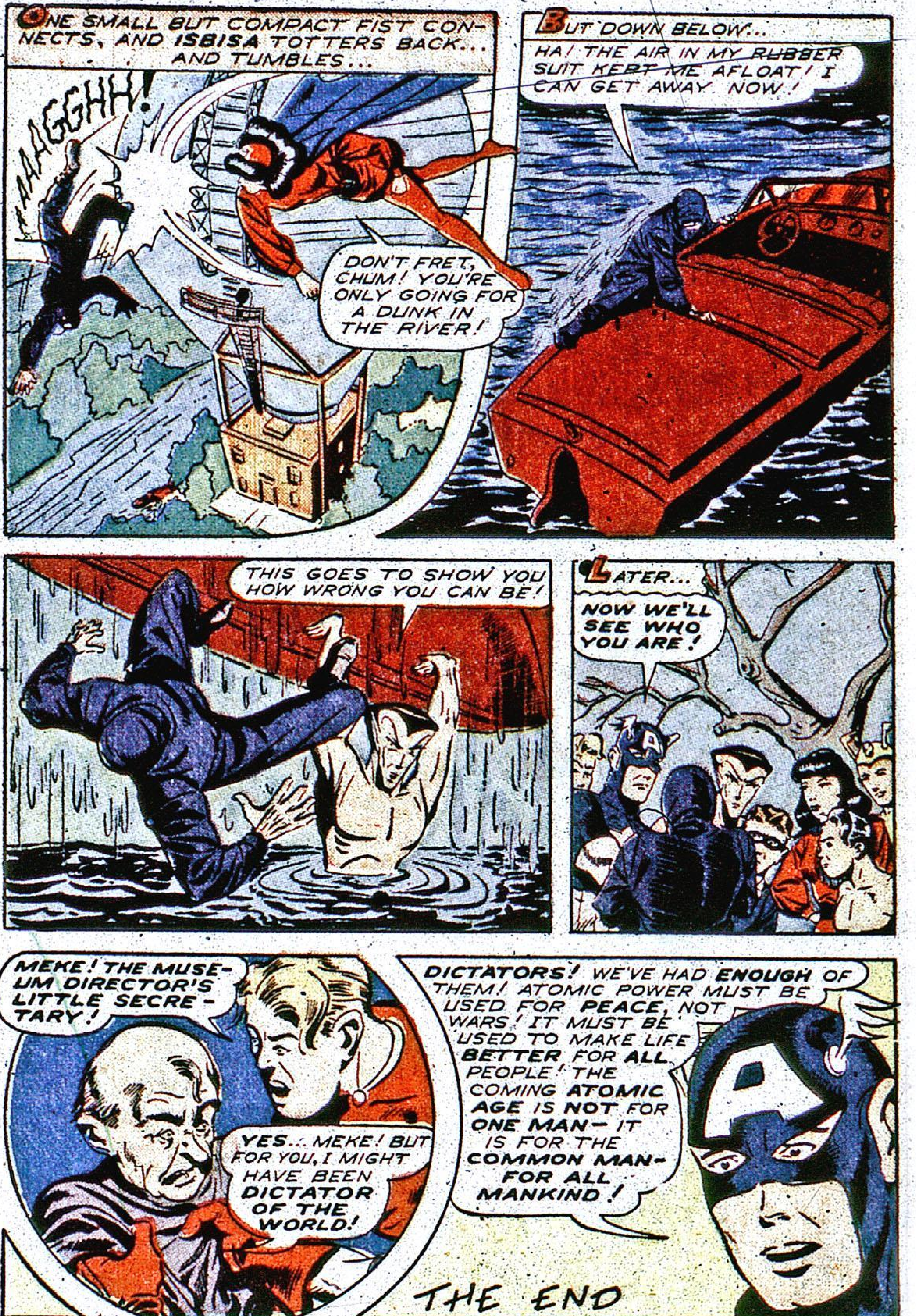

PLEASE... DON'T THROW ME IN THE WATER TOO! I'M TOO WEAK TO SWIM... I'LL DROWN, I TELL YOU... PLEASE DON'T THROW ME OVERBOARD!
WE-ELL, AIN'T DIS SOMEPIN'? SUB-MARINER PLEADIN' FER HIS LIFE... LIKE A YELLOW DOG!
DIS IS A PLEASURE! GO AHEAD... DROWN, YA WEAKLIN'!
MY LITTLE ACT WENT OVER! NOW THAT I'M IN THE WATER, I'VE GOT MY STRENGTH BACK!
ALL ATTENTION IS DRAWN FROM THE DUO AS A CRY RINGS OUT!
THAR SHE BLOWS!
A WHALE!
UNOBSERVED, THE DUO SURFACES...
I'M OKAY NOW... THANKS! LET'S GO BACK AND GET 'EM!
NOT YET! I'VE GOT A PLAN, AND THIS TIME WE'RE WORKING TOGETHER— PARTNER!
A FEW MOMENTS LATER...
HEY, BLACK PATCH... SOMETHIN'S WRONG! THE WHALE'S HEADIN' STRAIGHT FOR US!
THAT AIN'T NATURAL!
BUT IT IS NATURAL WHEN TORO IS STEERING THE WHALE WITH GOADING FLAME!
6

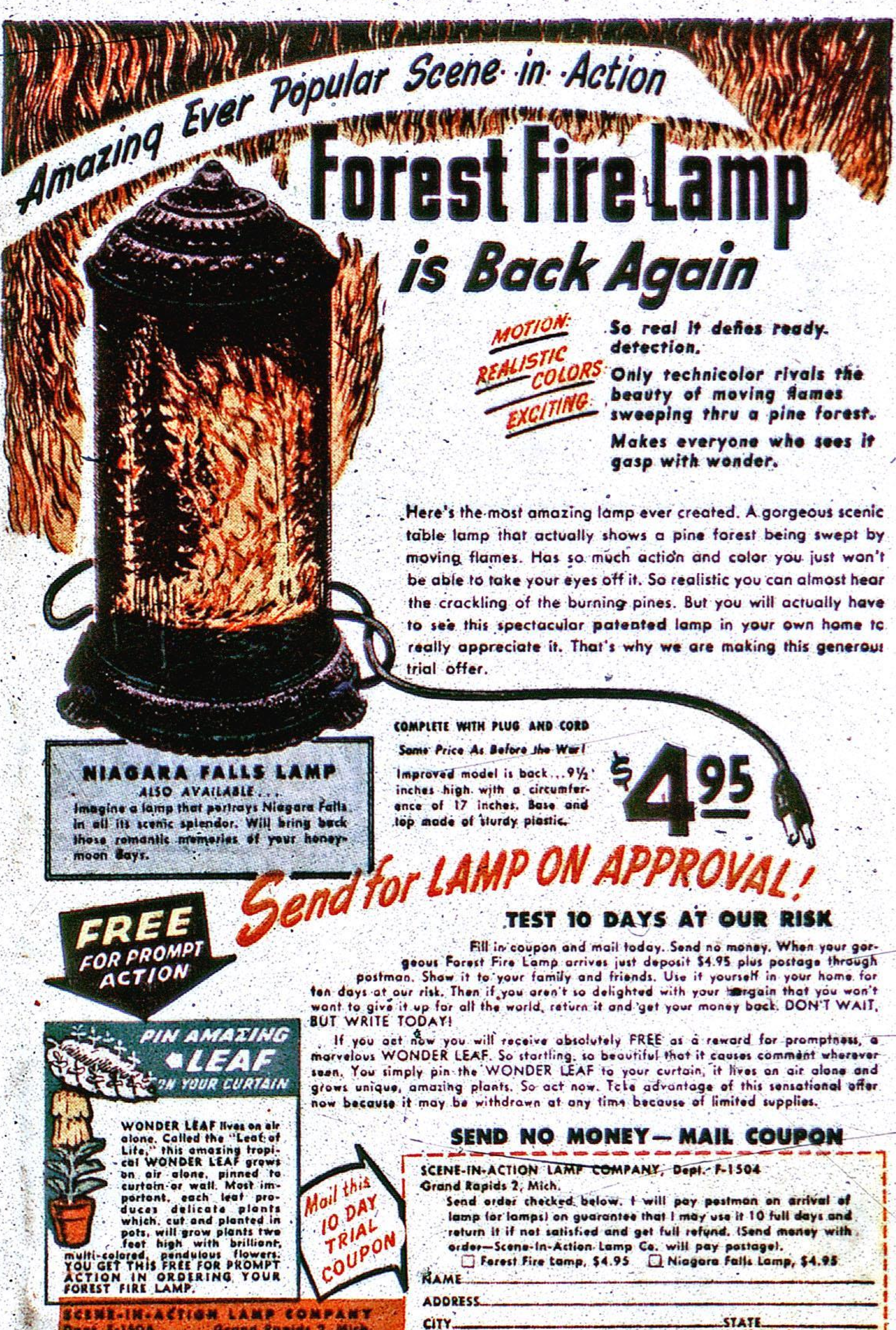

THEN!
IT'S COMIN' AT US! AAGH!
CRASH!
THEN COMES THE MOPPING-UP!
HIT THE DECK!
H'YA DOING, TORO?
OH, FINE... I'M HAVING A WHALE OF A TIME! YUK! YUK!
LATER...
TORO... I... ER... I WANT TO APOLOGIZE... I'M SORRY I WAS SO RUDE... I GUESS I'M A SORT OF HOT-HEADED GUY...
AW, FORGET IT! YOU HAD A RIGHT TO BE SORE!
TORO, YOU'RE OKAY! THE TORCH IS A LUCKY GUY. YOU'RE A NICE KID TO HAVE AROUND IN A TIGHT SPOT!
YOU'RE NOT SO BAD AT SOAKING CROOKS YOURSELF, SUB-MARINER!
AND AT THAT MOMENT...
AT LAST! DONE! ISBISA IS READY TO MOVE!


CHAPTER 7
CONCLUSION!
THEIR ASSIGNMENTS COMPLETED, THE ALL WINNERS CONVENE AND TELL OF THEIR ADVENTURES...
FRIENDS, IT SEEMS THAT AFTER EACH OF US QUESTIONED THE VILLAINS OF OUR CASES, THEY TOLD THE SAME STORY...
"ONE YEAR AGO, ISBISA SUMMONED THESE VILLAINS AND OUTLINED RACKETS AND ROBBERIES..."
SO THERE YOU ARE...BLUEPRINTS FOR CRIME! YOU MEN WILL DO THE ACTUAL WORK! ALL I WANT IS 25% OF THE LOOT!
OKAY!
SURE!
BUT THOSE VILLAINS DIDN'T EXPECT US! ISBISA JUST USED THEM AS BAIT TO LURE US INTO THIS CHALLENGE GAME!
AND IT'S OBVIOUS HE PLANTED THAT PHONY NOTE TO INVOLVE SUB-MARINER! SORRY, PAL!
FORGET IT! I'M JUST A HOT-HEAD! ISBISA WANTED TO SPLIT US AND PUT A MENTAL OBSTACLE IN OUR PATHS!
MEANWHILE, THE HUMAN TORCH IS IDLY SETTING DOWN THE AGES OF MAN IN THEIR CALENDAR ORDER...
JUMPIN' FIREBALLS! LOOK!
ICE AGE
STONE "
BRONZE "
IRON "
STEEL "


THE FIRST LETTER OF EACH AGE SPELLS ISBIS AND BY ADDING "A" WE GET ISBISA!
I CE AGE
S TONE "
B RONZE "
I RON "
S TEEL "
A ---???
HIS NAME REPRESENTS THE AGES! BUT THE "A"... WHAT AGE WOULD THAT REPRESENT?
IT'S OBVIOUS! "A" WOULD BE THE PRESENT AGE... AND THE AGE OF THE FUTURE—THE ATOMIC AGE!
WE'VE BEEN FOOLS! THIS CHALLENGE WAS A RED HERRING! IT WAS A RUSE TO SEND US AFTER SMALL CRIMES SO ISBISA WOULD BE FREE TO PURSUE HIS MAIN CRIME! THE STEALING OF THE ATOMIC BOMB!
ISBISA THOUGHT WE'D BE KEPT BUSY, BUT WE'RE FASTER THAN HE FIGURED!
AND WHILE WE'RE SITTING HERE, HE'S GOING AFTER THAT BOMB! C'MON ---WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR?
AND SHORTLY AFTER... A MAMMOTH "EGG" RISING INTO THE SKY!
THERE IT IS! THE ATOM SMASHER VACUUM TUBE!
AND INSIDE... ISBISA HOLDS A VIAL OF FOAMING LIQUID TO THE INTAKE DUCT OF THE AIR-CONDITIONING SYSTEM!
MY CONCENTRATED SLEEPING GAS CAN RENDER ALL HUMANS HELPLESS IN A FEW SECONDS! SOON I CAN MOVE WITHOUT INTERRUPTION!


THEY'RE ALL SLEEPING! THEY'VE BEEN GASSED!
THE ALL WINNERS CAN'T GO INSIDE TILL THE GAS IS CLEARED! THIS IS AN ASSIGNMENT WE CAN HANDLE, KID!
FLAMING ON, TORCH AND TORO SWEEP THROUGH THE BUILDING, THEIR TREMENDOUS HEAT CAUSING A CHEMICAL REACTION IN THE GAS...
GUESS THAT SHOULD MAKE THE GAS IMPOTENT!
THE HUMAN TORCH! THEN... THAT MEANS THE OTHERS ARE HERE! I MUST GET AWAY!
I SAW HIM! HE SLAMMED THE DOOR BEHIND HIM! GET TO WORK, WHIZZER!
CHECK!
A BURST OF TYPHOON SPEED AND THE DOOR IS WRENCHED FROM ITS HINGES...
NOW GET AFTER HIM, CAP!
WHIZZ
INSIDE THE HEART OF THE GREAT TUBE, ISBISA SCRAMBLES FOR FREEDOM...
I WOULDN'T BET ON IT!
HE'S GETTING AWAY, CAP!
FRANTICALLY, ISBISA STARTS THROUGH A DOOR ON THE TUBE SHELL... BUT SWOOPING MISS AMERICA IS WAITING...
DON'T GO AWAY! YOU AND I HAVE A DATE!
3


ONE SMALL BUT COMPACT FIST CONNECTS, AND ISBISA TOTTERS BACK... AND TUMBLES...
AAAGGHH!
DON'T FRET, CHUM! YOU'RE ONLY GOING FOR A DUNK IN THE RIVER!
BUT DOWN BELOW...
HA! THE AIR IN MY RUBBER SUIT KEPT ME AFLOAT! I CAN GET AWAY NOW!
THIS GOES TO SHOW YOU HOW WRONG YOU CAN BE!
LATER...
NOW WE'LL SEE WHO YOU ARE!
MEKE! THE MUSEUM DIRECTOR'S LITTLE SECRETARY!
YES... MEKE! BUT FOR YOU, I MIGHT HAVE BEEN DICTATOR OF THE WORLD!
DICTATORS! WE'VE HAD ENOUGH OF THEM! ATOMIC POWER MUST BE USED FOR PEACE, NOT WARS! IT MUST BE USED TO MAKE LIFE BETTER FOR ALL PEOPLE! THE COMING ATOMIC AGE IS NOT FOR ONE MAN— IT IS FOR THE COMMON MAN— FOR ALL MANKIND!
THE END



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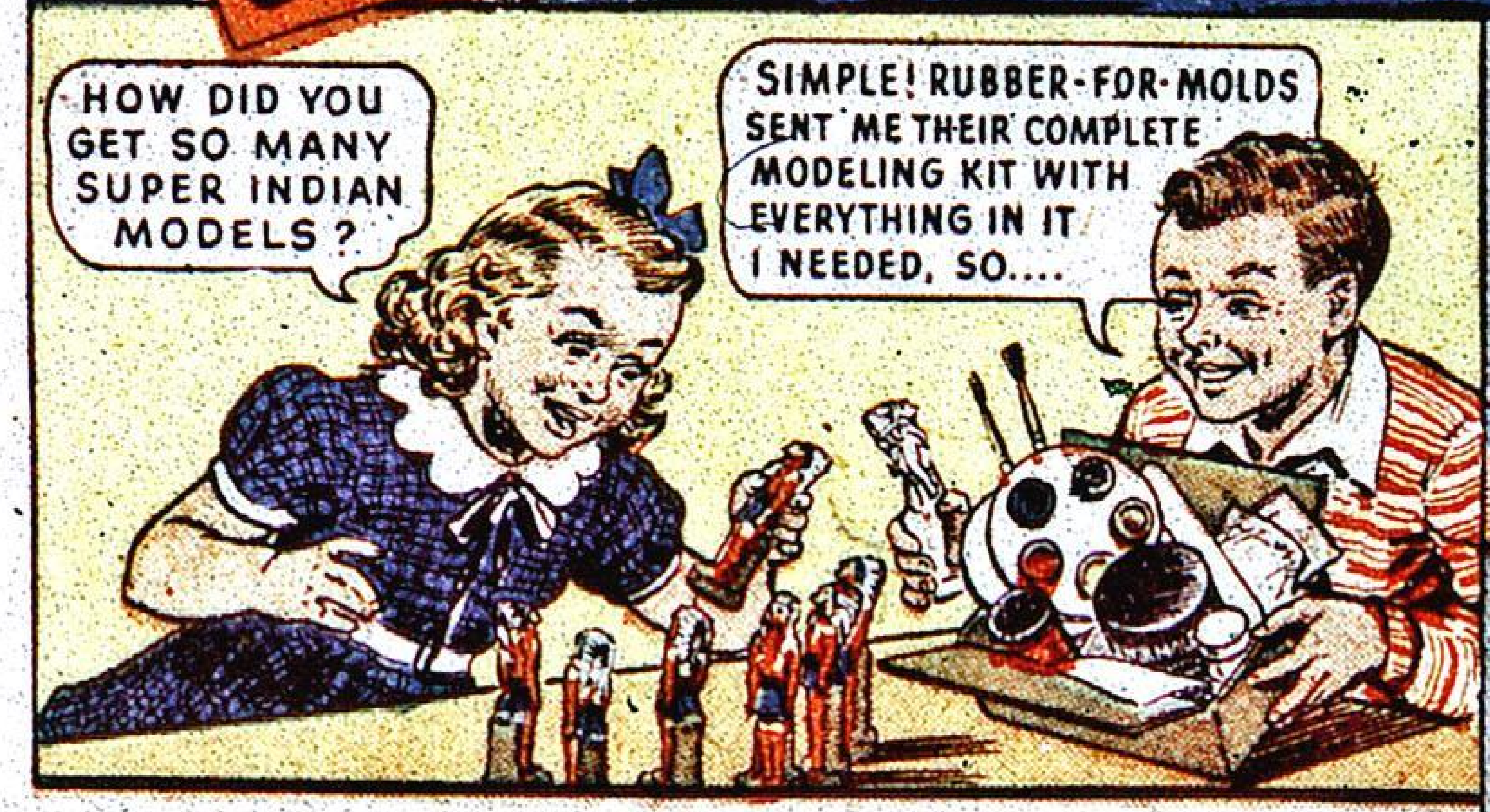
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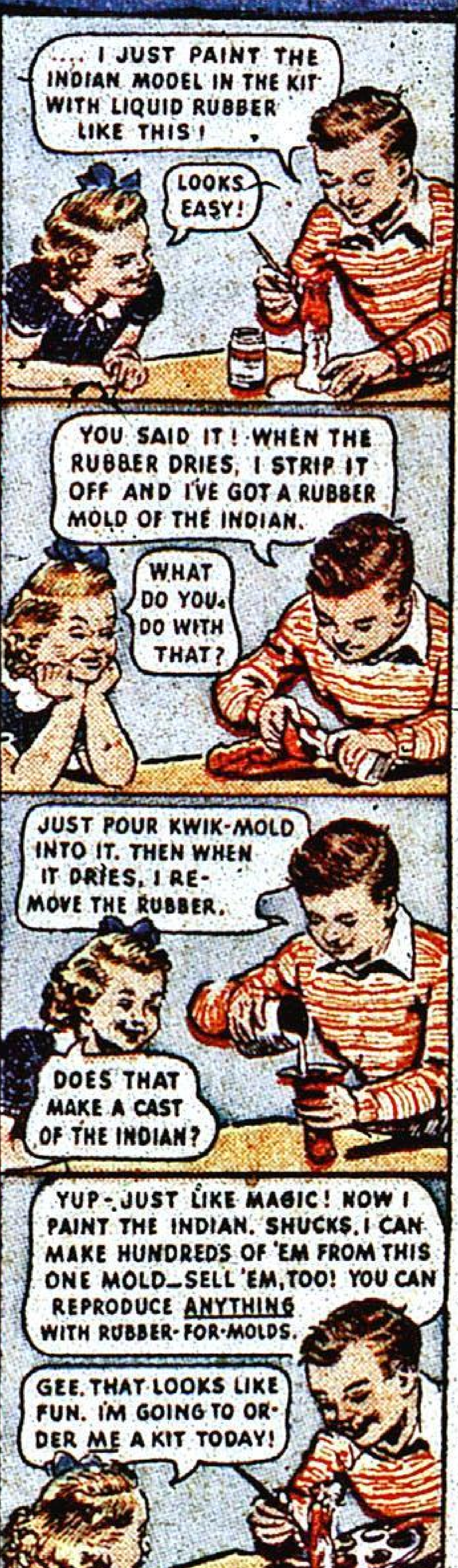
.... I JUST PAINT THE INDIAN MODEL IN THE KIT WITH LIQUID RUBBER LIKE THIS!
LOOKS EASY!
YOU SAID IT! WHEN THE RUBBER DRIES, I STRIP IT OFF AND I'VE GOT A RUBBER MOLD OF THE INDIAN.
WHAT DO YOU DO WITH THAT?
JUST POUR KWIK-MOLD INTO IT. THEN WHEN IT DRIES, I REMOVE THE RUBBER.
DOES THAT MAKE A CAST OF THE INDIAN?
YUP-JUST LIKE MAGIC! NOW I PAINT THE INDIAN. SHUCKS, I CAN MAKE HUNDREDS OF 'EM FROM THIS ONE MOLD—SELL 'EM, TOO! YOU CAN REPRODUCE ANYTHING WITH RUBBER-FOR-MOLDS.
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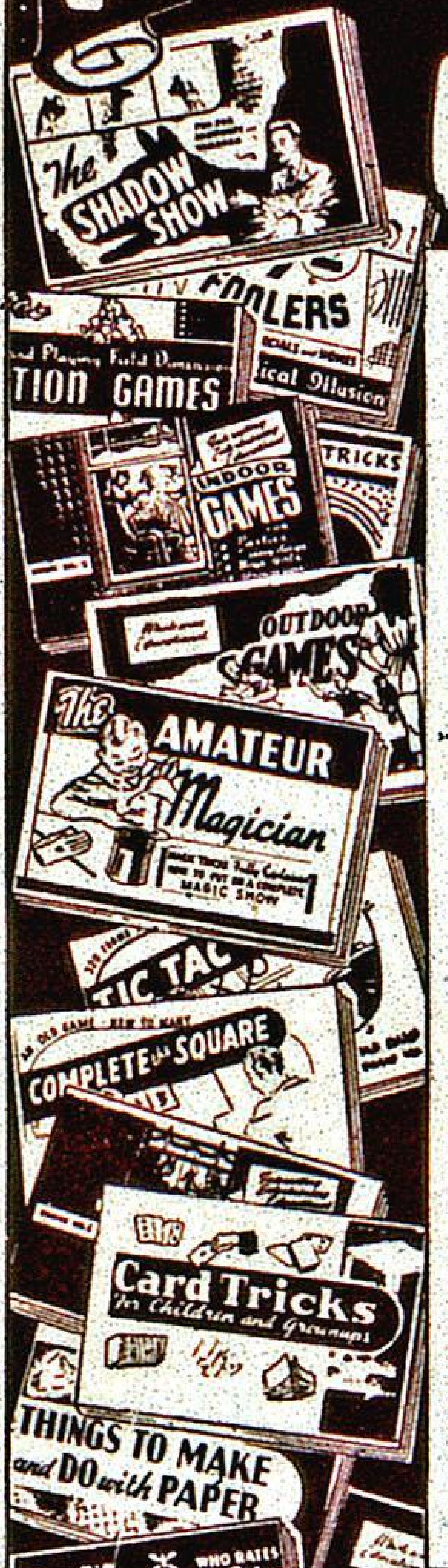
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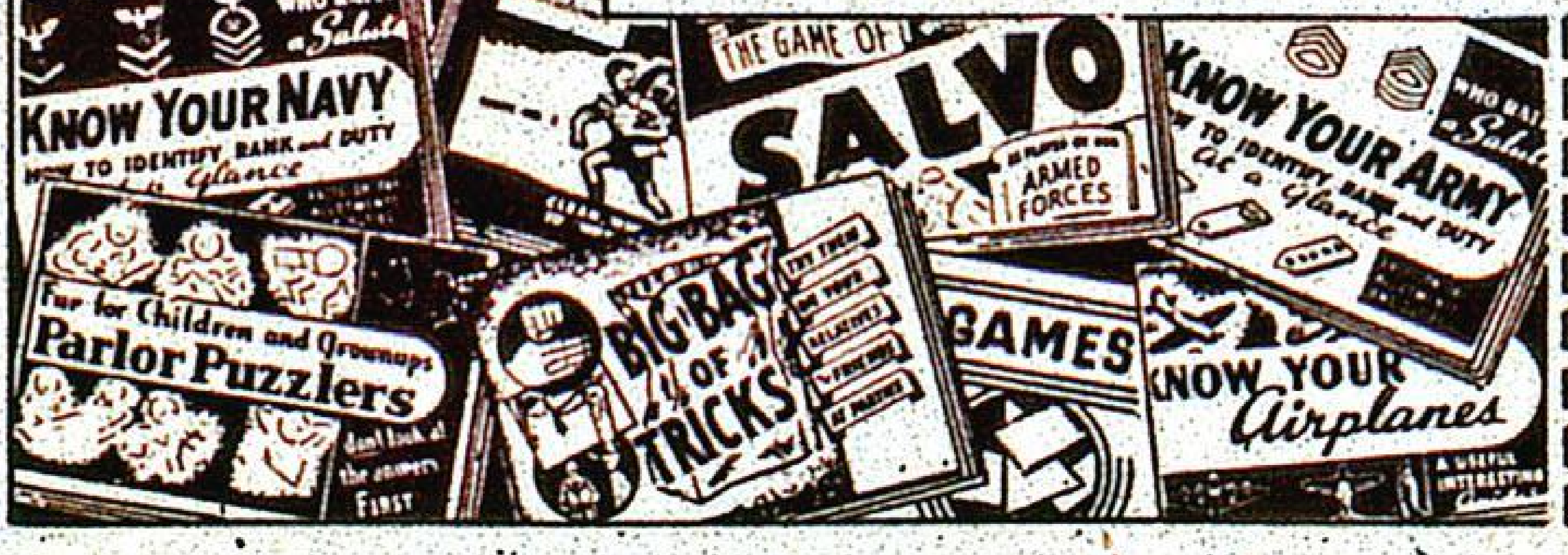
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45 East 17th St., New York 3, N. Y.

☐ Send me by return mail the 20 books called "LIBRARY OF FUN". Price for Full Set $1.00. If I am not satisfied, I will return the books in 5 days and my money will be refunded immediately.

☐ Cash ☐ Check ☐ Money Order
☐ C.O.D. ($1.00 plus postage on arrival.)

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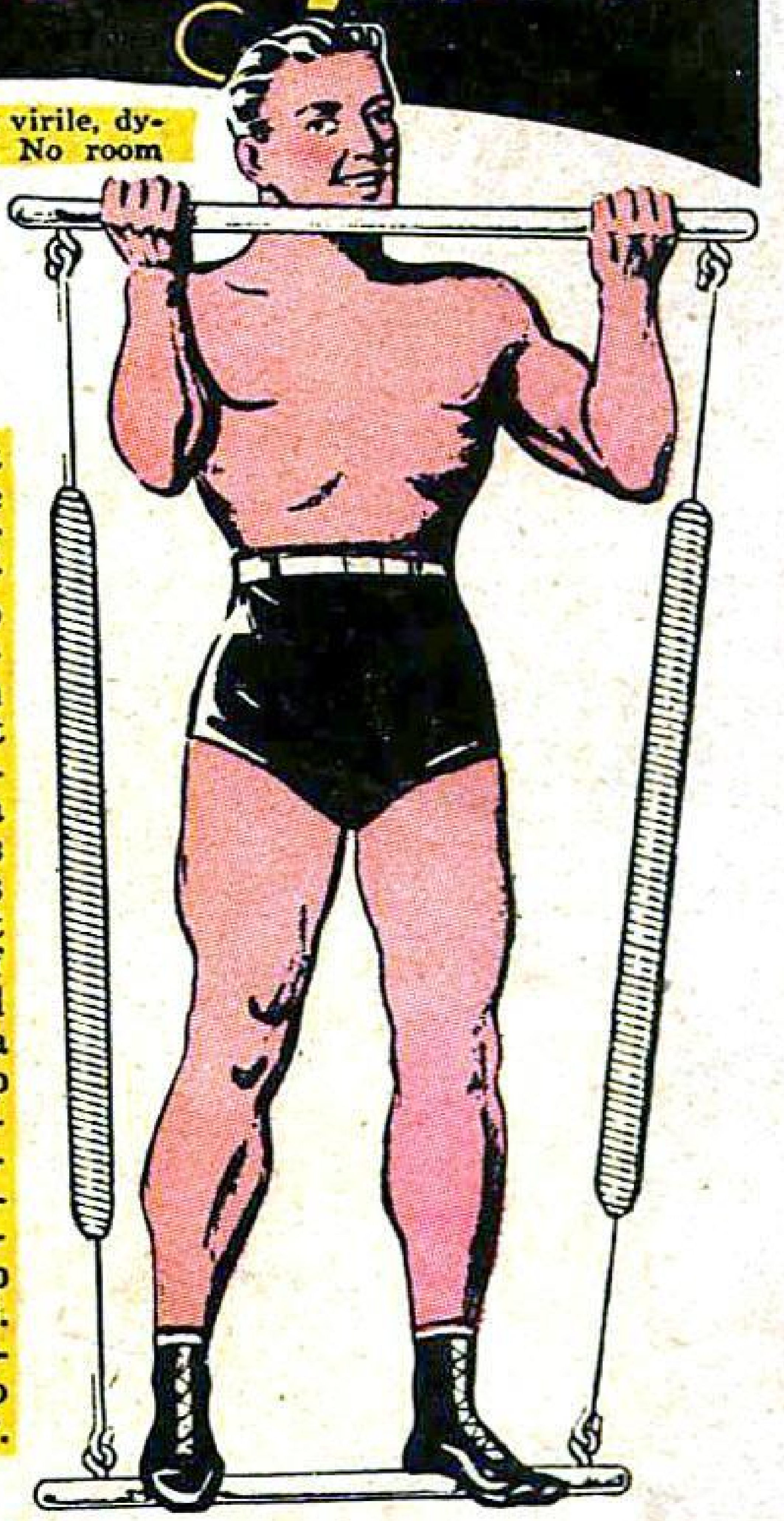
FREE
with your order . . .

Foot stirrups, important for foot and leg development. FREE with order. Permits intensive overhead workouts to develop a mighty torso.

now GET BURSTING STRENGTH fast!

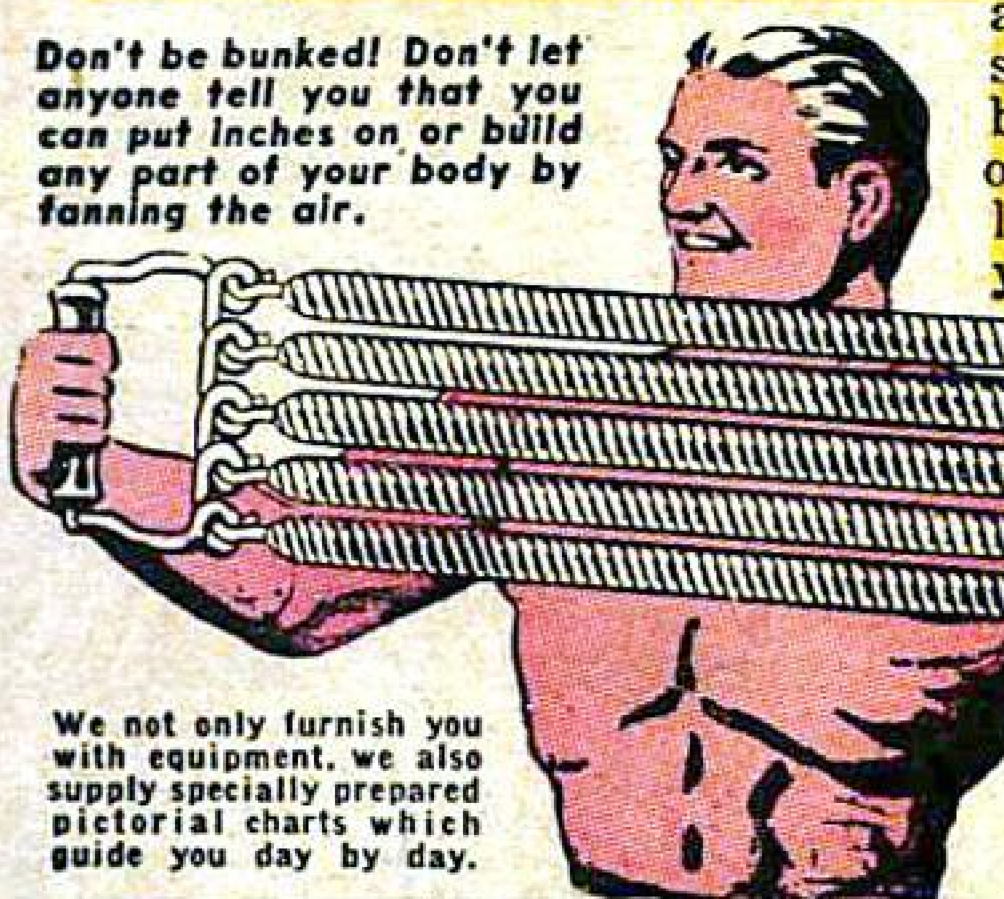
Build your body into a virile, dynamic machine of tiger strength. No room these days for weaklings. You must be STRONG to get ahead . . . get Herculean strength easily at home in spare time with this newly invented chest pull and bar bell combination.



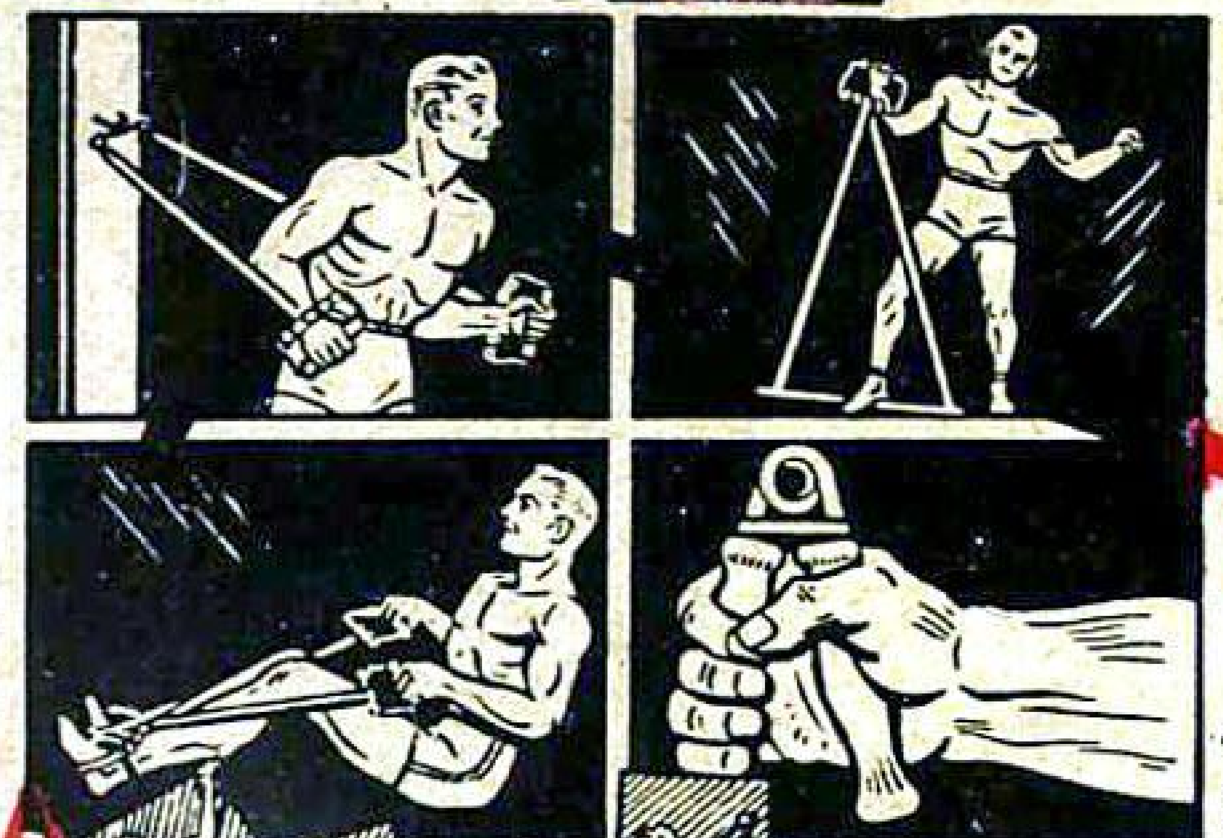
Get Bursting Strength Quickly

If you are a weakling or boast of super muscles, you will find this outfit just what you need. Contains dozens of individual features, all adjustable in tension, resistance, and strength. This permits you to regulate your workouts to meet actual resistance of your strength and to increase power progressively as you build mighty muscles. Men who have reached the top in strong-man feats acclaim this progressive chest pull and bar bell combination. It contains a new kind of progressive chest pull. Not rubber which wears out but strong tension springs. These springs are adjustable so that you may use low strength until you get stronger and terrific pulling resistance when you are muscular. Included is a specially invented bar bell hook-up. This bar bell outfit permits you to do all kinds of bar bell workouts . . . to practice weight lifting and bring into play muscles of your legs, chest, arms so you build as you train. There is a wall exerciser hook-up enabling you to do bending and stretching exercises. You also have features of a rowing machine. Hand grips help develop a mighty grip. Pictorial and printed instructions enable you to get stronger day by day.

Don't be bunked! Don't let anyone tell you that you can put inches on or build any part of your body by fanning the air.



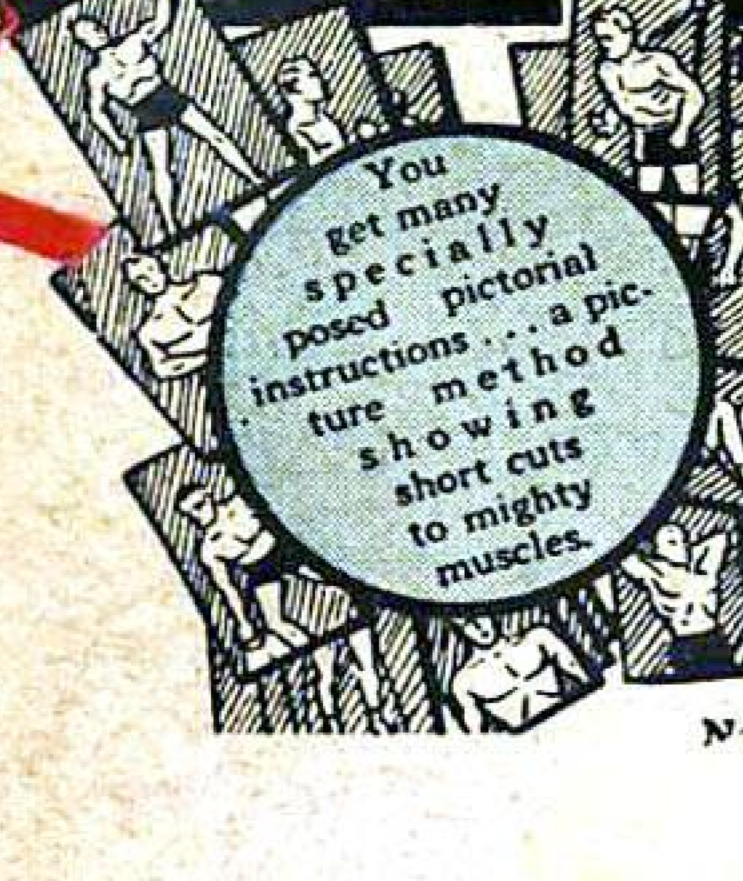
We not only furnish you with equipment, we also supply specially prepared pictorial charts which guide you day by day.



GUARANTEE
If not satisfied after 5 days, return for refund of purchase price

New PROGRESSIVE CHEST PULL & BAR BELL COMBINATION

Send No Money
Sign your name to coupon checking outfit wanted. Pay postman price plus postage on arrival. If you can buy a stronger outfit than our Super X set we will give you double your money back.



You get many specially posed pictorial instructions . . . a picture method showing short cuts to mighty muscles.

Muscle
Power Co.,
366 E. 153rd St.,
New York 55, N. Y.

Muscle Power Co., Dept. 2508
366 East 153rd St., New York 55, N. Y.

Send me the outfit checked below on five days' approval. Also enclose special pictorial and printed instructions. I will deposit amount of set plus postage in accordance with your guarantee. Enclose the stirrups free with my order.

☐ Send regular strength chest pull & bar bell combination. Set $6.95.
☐ Send Super strength set at $7.95.

(Send cash with order and we pay postage. Same guarantee.)

(Servicemen Note: Sorry, but shipments can only be made in U.S.A. either C.O.D. or prepaid. Ruling will not permit shipments to F.P.O. or A.P.O. Canadian shipments accepted cash with order in American funds.)

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